THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON, }

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, [illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	. . . .	$2,00
Four copies	" "	6,00
Eight "	" and one to getter up of club,	12,00
Twenty "	" and one to getter up of club,	28,00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.—For the SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM see Prospectus, on the inside of the paper.

For $3 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty-six cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and *one or three* cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE COMING TIME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

I am gazing down through time,
Downward to a land sublime,
Whither all the ages march
  Half in shame and half in glory,
Under Time's triumphal arch,
  While with banners floating o'er me,
Very slow their tread and solemn,
Pass the years in massive column.

From the darkness to the dawn
Still that endless line moves on;
But the bloody days of war,
  Lame and lagging times of error,
Crimson all their steps with gore,
  Drop behind in mortal terror;
Well they know their reign is ended
At that spot so far and splendid.

Through the mist I vaguely con
Time's delightful imagery,
The future opened like a book,
  Centuries its pictured pages,
And with startled eyes I look
  In the face of coming ages,
Standing on these years that sever
The future from the past forever.

Would I might with proud command
Take the great world by the hand,
Sweep the vail of fate aside,
  Pointing out all things forbidden,
How her cheek would flush with pride
  To read the wondrous secret hidden
Deep within the awful distance,
Buried far from all existence.

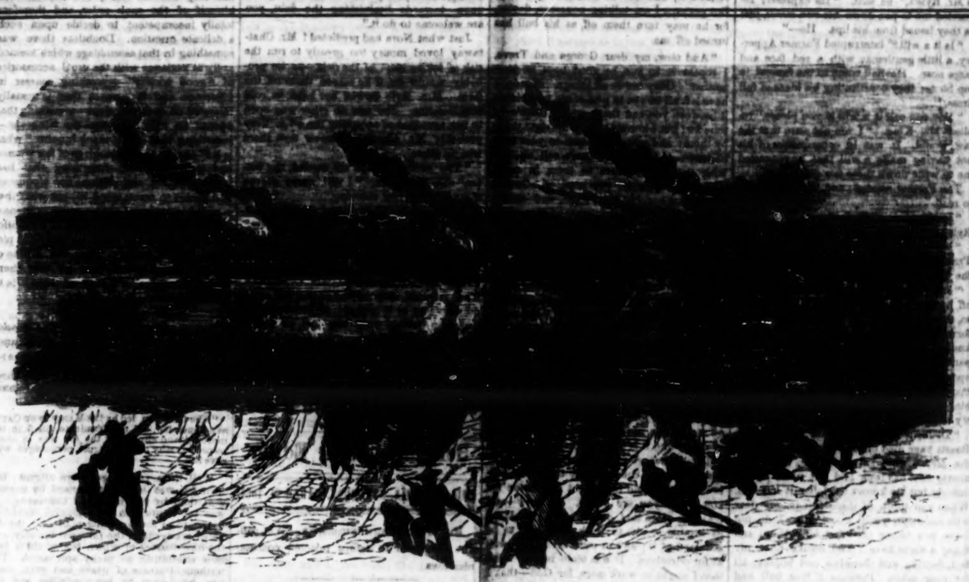
Could it see as now I see
Peace and Freedom royally
Standing on that isle of time
  Far within the sounding ocean,
Listening the endless chime
  From all life and from all motion,
While the nun-like waves drop lowly
At their feet as at shrines holy.

Could it see great Nature stand,
Free from chains her mighty hand,
Flinging from her noble form
  The slavery that long has bound her,
Calling by an influence warm
  All her lovely train around her,
Hopes, and loves, and warm desires,
All that softens or aspires.

Would the world not drop the sword?
Would it not fly thitherward?
With a royal burst of hope,
  With a sense of new-born powers,
With a wider, nobler scope,
  Flying down the golden hours,
From this night of gloom and sorrow
Into that divine to-morrow.

OUR ACTIONS.—The actions of noble men and women stand like wayside shrines all along the path of history. What individual recalls not one sweet life, one gracious heart, one blessed achievement which to him is a deep fountain of living water? Say what we will about permanent ordinances, the true ordinances are good works. The colonel who allowed himself to be taken in order that his wounded men might escape in the over-laden boats; the student who swam the Potomac three times in the face of hostile bullets, pushing a raft covered with disabled soldiers; the lieutenant, who, hurt to death, begged his friend to leave him, and give his care to those whom there was yet hope of saving, have set up, among their friends, in the households of those who know them, very sacred ordinances, very holy shrines.

☞ Machines that work well in theory, often will not work at all in iron.



Guerillas Attacking the Steamers "Bardstown," "J. Kellen," "Dee," and "New Era," on the Mississippi, About 30 Miles Below Memphis.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. *Illustrated News*, represents a petty mode of warfare which is most vexatious and difficult to contend with. The Mississippi, below Cairo, is for the most part protected on either side by artificial levees, or banks, which afford secure places of refuge for outlaws in their attacks on the passing boats. They dig pits, and crouch behind bushes and logs, and fire upon the boats like wild Indians. Our balls have little or no effect on the thick levees, and it is seldom that a landing can be accomplished, the banks are so steep and well protected by undergrowth. It would require numerous gunboats to keep the river clear of these murderous gangs.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROMANCE OF TREVLYN HOLD.

A romance in itself, was the past history of Trevlyn Hold; and we must go back again for a short while to those old days, or you will never understand what Nora is saying. Squire Trevlyn had five children; Maude, Rupert, Joseph, Edith, and Diana, born in the order that I have placed their names. Rupert was regarded as the heir; it was in the natural course of events that he should be so regarded, being the eldest son. The property was not entailed; an ancestor of Squire Trevlyn's, coming from some distant part of England (it was said Cornwall,) had purchased it, and settled down upon it. There was not a great deal of grass land to the estate, but the coal mines on it in the distance rendered it valuable. Of all his children, Rupert, the eldest, was the squire's favorite; but poor Rupert did not live to come into the estate. He had inherited the fits of passion characteristic of the Trevlyns, he was of a thoughtless, careless impetuous nature, and on the occurrence of certain unpleasant circumstances, too long to be alluded to in detail in this chapter, in which Rupert was a chief actor, he decamped from his father's home, embarked for a distant port, and died; which left Joseph the heir.

A fit heir, he. But quite different from his brother Rupert. Mild, yielding, and gentle, like his sister Edith, the squire half despised him. The squire would have preferred him to be passionate, and haughty, and overbearing—a true Trevlyn. But the squire had no intention of leaving Trevlyn Hold away from him—provided he lived to succeed to it. *Provided.* Many deemed the squire's to be by far the better life of the two. Joseph—called Joe always—appeared to have inherited his mother's feeble constitution, and she had died early, of decline. Yielding, however, as Joe Trevlyn was in disposition, he proved himself obstinate in one act—that of his marriage. He chose for his wife Emily Dean, the objectionable curate's sister. Objectionable only to Squire Trevlyn, you must understand; the world found the Rev. Snaffo Dean anything but objectionable; it liked and respected him. In the matter of dispute, however, there was fault on his side as well as on Squire Trevlyn's—and the fault on both sides was obstinacy. For this reason, his dislike of the brother, Squire Trevlyn said his son should not marry Emily. "I'd rather you'd go and choose a wife out of the parish workhouse, Joe," he said, in his animosity. Joe said little in answering argument, but he held to his own choice; and one fine morning the marriage was celebrated at the church of Barbrook.

They took up their residence abroad, in a warm climate in the south of France. Indeed, the doctors had begun to say that a more genial climate than that of England could alone save the life of the heir to Trevlyn. The squire declared that he would never forgive the marriage; would never take Joe into favor again; but those who knew the squire best felt convinced that Joe would be taken into favor when the affair should have blown over, and Joe was home again. The squire never said he would disinherit him. For a twelvemonth or so after settling in this warm climate, Joe Trevlyn kept well; the air seemed to have done wonders for him. A little girl was born to him and his wife, and he had her christened Maude, after his eldest sister, and his long-dead mother. "Now there's a grandchild, the squire will be reconciled to Mr. Joe," quoth the gossips around Trevlyn. But the squire heard the news and made no sign.

Other news, that was to come home in a few month's time, disturbed the squire more; news of his son's failing health. Alas! poor Joe Trevlyn was destined never to come home again! The improvement in his health had been but a deceitful improvement; and his suspected disease began to show itself rapidly. The little girl, Maude, was but six months old when these tidings came. The squire lamented openly. Not for his son's failing health, or for the anticipated loss of him; it was not in a Trevlyn's nature openly to mourn for such: that he did mourn for him in his heart there was little doubt; for, next to Rupert, the squire's affections had been given to Joe. But what the squire lamented, and made no secret of lamenting, was the loss of the *heir;* and ten times a day he would express his regret that the baby, Maude, was not a boy. That there should be no male heir to Trevlyn, that a woman should succeed to it, was with the squire a sorely bitter point. He cared little for his daughters; he did not want any one of them to reign at Trevlyn when he should be gone. Two of his daughters had married, Maude and Edith. The first to marry, the first by some years, had been Edith. Edith Trevlyn had married Mr. Chattaway when she was very young. She was back at Trevlyn Hold with her two children, Octavia and Christopher, before any of the other marriages had taken place; before Mary Berkeley had married Mr. Ryle. Mr. Chattaway was the second son of a landed proprietor in the neighborhood; he had entered the army, and was a lieutenant in it. Edith followed his fortunes at first, and lived in quarters; but upon the regiment being ordered to Ireland, she came back to Trevlyn Hold. Subsequent to that, Mr. Chattaway sold out: rumor went that he received a gentle hint to do so. Be that as it may, he was anything but the stuff that brave soldiers are made of, and he had the satisfaction of being disliked by his brother officers. He sold out, and took up his abode with his wife at Trevlyn Hold—on a visit, it was said. *They,* Chattaway and Edith, were always saying that they must look out for a home, and settle: they were still saying so, when the news arrived of the ominous change in Joseph Trevlyn's state of health. You may be very sure they did not leave it after that. Chattaway began to hope he should be made the squire's heir. The squire's own health was failing, and Chattaway became his right hand man, manager of all things. He got his hope, too; for when the actual death of Joe Trevlyn took place, the squire willed the estate to Chattaway.

It was of these past events that Nora told, as she resumed her discourse with George, after the interruption caused by hearing the fall of Treve. The particulars of the bond she had explained, and now she was exercising her tongue with these other particulars, perhaps not over judiciously to so young a hearer. George, his elbow on the table, leaned his head sideways on his hand, and listened, asking a question here and there.

"Nora, what *right* had Chattaway to have Trevlyn Hold left to him?" impulsively demanded George.

"None," responded Nora. "If the squire chose to leave it to the husband of either of his daughters, one would say that Mr. Ryle had the most right to it, as the husband of the eldest. But Chattaway was at his elbow, you see; putting in cross spokes in the wheel continually: this way for himself, that way against Mr. Ryle. After the heir's death, Joe Trevlyn's, there was a great fear fell on the reigning powers at the Hold, lest Mr. Ryle should come in for it."

"Whom do you mean by the 'reigning powers?'"

"Chattaway and Miss Diana Trevlyn. It is said Chattaway promised Miss Diana that a large portion of the revenues should be hers, and that she should act as the entire mistress of Trevlyn Hold, if the estate should be left to him—"

"I wonder Miss Diana did not try for it herself?" interrupted George. "She was the only daughter left to the squire—unmarried."

"She knew it would be useless. The squire would not leave it to a woman. Not but that he would have willed it to little Maude, his son's infant, if he could have brought his spirit to forgive the fact that Emily Dean was her mother. 'I should like to see little Maude,' he said, several times; 'I wish she had been a boy!' But she was not a boy, you see, George; and the squire never did see her."

"But there *was* a boy, Nora. There was young Rupert."

"I know there was," answered Nora, shortly, biting a knot off her thread, her tone one of strange significance.

"Well, why did not the squire leave the estate to him? He was Maude's brother, son of Joe Trevlyn. I have never been able to make out why Trevlyn Hold is not his."

"There's others that can't make it out, any more than you can, lad. It has been a puzzle, that has. The neighborhood puts it down to the old grievance—the squire's displeasure at Joe's marriage. *That* was not what kept young Rupert out of Trevlyn."

"What did, then?"

"Cheating," rejoined Nora.

"Cheating!"

"Yes; he was *cheated* out of it. Chiselled out of it, if you think the word's better. And those to do it were Chattaway and his wife, and Miss Diana."

"Not Mrs. Chattaway!"

"She was an actor in the plot, as much as they were; but they forced her to it. A poor thing, who dare not say her soul's her own, if it should please Chattaway and Diana Trevlyn to say it is not."

"Tell me about it, Nora."

"Can you keep a silent tongue in your head, and not talk to the parish?" cried judicious Nora.

"I can if I like," answered George.

"Take care that you do like, then," cried Nora, "or I'll never tell you anything again. When the tidings of Joe Trevlyn's death came home, the first thing that they, Chattaway and Diana Trevlyn did, was to get the squire to settle the question of the inheritance. They had been working for it ever since it was known Joe could not live. They did not succeed immediately. The squire was failing in health then, and kept his room; and his mind was not quite so strong as it had been. But they could not bring him to do anything, and they lived in mortal fear lest he should die with his will unaltered—"

"In that case who would have succeeded to Trevlyn Hold?" interrupted George.

"Little Maude Trevlyn. The squire's will had been made for many a long year in favor of his eldest son, Rupert, and, failing him, of Joe. But Rupert, you know, had gone away and died, and now Joe was dead; and the child Joe left, Maude, would have come in. At last the squire was brought to book. He did not destroy the old will, but he caused a few words to be added to it, and they stood good, and were acted upon. But now, George, what do you think [illegible]"

George did not know what to think, except that Nora seemed curiously excited.

"After they had got, as they thought, all sure and safe, there came a letter to Trevlyn Hold big with news. Chattaway he mostly opened the squire's letters then, when any were received, and he opened this one. I hope he liked its contents! The squire, since his son's death, had been always saying, 'I wish Joe had left a boy! I wish Joe had left a boy!' and now this letter had come to say that Joe had left one. A little boy was born to Joe Trevlyn's widow—a boy which he, Joe, had not lived to see. I'll leave you to fancy the state of Chattaway."

"What did he do?" asked George.

"What should a mean, false-hearted man as he is, do, but conceal it from the squire?" returned Nora. "He never said a word to anybody that he had had the news; and, perhaps, he never would have said it, but that he was forced. For, the next morning, there arrived a second letter; young Mrs. Trevlyn was dead."

"Young Mrs. Trevlyn?"

"She was. Just three months after her husband, poor Joe, was put into his grave, she followed him to it, leaving Maude a year old, and the baby boy of a day or two. She had lived to have him baptised, calling him 'Rupert,' after the old squire; after the heir who had run away and died. Joe always said, if he ever had a boy, it should be named after his brother. The two were very fond of each other."

"What was done, Nora?"

"Something had to be done. For the little children would be coming home to Trevlyn; they had no other home. Chattaway wrote at once to stop their departure; and then he informed the squire that Joe's widow had died, leaving Maude. But he never said a word about the baby, and the squire went to his grave without knowing that there was a male heir to Trevlyn. Had he lived long, perhaps, it could not have been kept from him; but he went off very soon, and it was easy. Then the poor little things were brought home, Maude and Rupert; and there they have been since, snubbed and kept under, their rights wrested from them, dependents at Trevlyn Hold, where they ought to be the masters."

George Ryle felt inexpressibly shocked. Injustice was foreign to his nature.

"It is a dreadful tale!" he exclaimed. "If I were Chattaway, I could not rest in my bed at night; I should get dreaming of the wrong I had done."

"So might many other folks," answered Nora. "But dreams of wrong done don't lie in the way of Chattaway."

It was all true. Young Rupert Trevlyn and his sister Maude had been despoiled of their inheritance by underhand dealing. There is a great deal of it in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. RYLE'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Etiquette, touching the important ceremonies of buryings and christenings, is much more observed in the country than in towns. To rural districts this remark especially applies. In a large town, people don't know their next door neighbors, don't care for those neighbors' opinions; in a small place the inhabitants are almost as one family, and their actions are chiefly governed by that pertinent remark, "What will people say?" In these little communities, numbers of which are scattered about England, it is held necessary on the occasion of a funeral to invite all kith and kin. Omit to do so, and it would be set down as a premeditated slight; affording a theme of gossip to the parish for weeks afterwards. Hence Mr. Chattaway, being a connection—brother-in-law, in fact, of the deceased gentleman's wife—was invited to follow the remains of Thomas Ryle to the grave. In spite of the bad terms they had been upon, in spite of Mrs. Ryle's own bitter feeling against Chattaway and Trevlyn Hold generally, in spite of Mr. Ryle's death having been caused by what did cause it—Chattaway's bull—Mr. Chattaway received a formal invitation in writing to attend, as mourner, the remains to the grave. And it never would have entered into the notion of Mr. Chattaway's good manners to decline it.

The inquest was not so formidable an affair as Nora Dickson had anticipated. The coroner and jury came to the house to view the body, and then they adjourned to the nearest inn. The verdict was "Accidental Death:" with a deodand of five pounds upon the bull. Which Mr. Chattaway had to pay.

The bull was already condemned. Not to annihilation; but to be taken to a distant fair, and there sold; whence he would be conveyed to a home in other pastures, where he might possibly gore somebody else. It was not consideration for the feelings of the Ryle family which induced Mr. Chattaway to adopt this step, and so rid the neighborhood of the animal; but consideration for his own pocket. Feeling ran high in the vicinity; fear also; the stoutest hearts could feel no security that the bull might not be for having a tilt at them; and Chattaway, on his part, was at as little certainty that an effectual silencer would not be surreptitiously dealt out to the bull some quiet night. Therefore, he resolved to part with him; apart from his misdoings, he was a valuable animal, worth a great deal more than Mr. Chattaway would like to lose; and the bull was dismissed.

Sunday was the day fixed for the funeral. It is a day favored for such in rural places, carriers (who are chiefly chosen from the laborers) being at liberty. The time named was half-past two: to get it comfortably over before afternoon service, the clerk remarked. Hearses and mourning coaches are not much in vogue in country districts, neither were they at Barbrook; and the engaging them for the present occasion had never been glanced at.

Those bidden began to arrive about one o'clock; that is, the undertaker's men, the clerk, and the carriers. Of the latter, Jim Sanders made one. "Better that he had gone than his master," said Nora, in a matter-of-fact, worldly spirit of reasoning, as her thoughts were cast back to the mysterious hole with which she had gratuitously, and the readers will no doubt say absurdly, coupled the fate of Jim. A table of eatables was out in the entrance-room; cold round of beef, and bread-and-cheese, with ale in cans. To help convey a coffin to church without being plentifully regaled with a good meal first, was a thing that Barbrook had never heard of, and never wished to hear. The select of the company were shown to the large drawing-room, where the refreshment consisted of port and sherry wine, and a plate of "pound" cake. These were the established rules of hospitality at all genteel, well-to-do funerals; wine and pound cake for the gentlefolks; cold beef and ale for the men. They had been observed at Squire Trevlyn's; they had been observed at Mr. Ryle's father's; they had been observed at every substantial funeral within the memory of Barbrook. Mr. Chattaway, Mr. Berkeley (a distant relative of Mr. Ryle's first wife), Mr. King, the surgeon, and Farmer Apperley composed the assemblage in the drawing-room.

At two, after some little difficulty in getting it into order, the sad procession started. It had then been joined by George and Trevlyn Ryle. A great many spectators had collected to view and attend it. The somewhat infrequency of a funeral of the respectable class, combined with the circumstances attending the death, drew them together; and before the church was reached, where it was met by the clergyman, it had a train half-a-mile long after it; mostly women and children. Many dropped a tear for the unhappy fate, the premature death of one who had lived among them, a good master, a kind neighbor.

They left him in his grave, by the side of his long-dead young wife, Mary Berkeley. As George stood at the head of his father's coffin, during the ceremony in the churchyard, the grave-stone, with its name, was right in front of his eyes; his mother's name. "Mary, the wife of Thomas Ryle, and only daughter of the Rev. George Berkeley." None knew with what a shivering feeling of loneliness the orphan boy turned from the spot, as the last words of the minister's voice died away.

The procession returned to the farm, shorn now of the presence of the red-faced clerk, who, to his own inward mortification, was obliged to stop for service; thereby losing his share of the ale. A full hour, perhaps two, would the carriers remain at the farm, drinking as much ale as they pleased. Barbrook never allowed its established rules of hospitality to be called in question on the important occasion of a funeral.

Mrs. Ryle, in her widow's weeds, was seated in the drawing-room on their return, as the gentlemen filed into it. In Barbrook custom, the relatives of the deceased, if near or distant, were expected to congregate together for the remainder of the day; or for a portion of its remainder. The gentlemen would sometimes smoke pipes, and the ladies in their deep mourning, sat with their hands folded in their laps, resting on their snow-white handkerchiefs. The conversation was only allowed to run on family matters, prospects, and the like; and the voices were amicable and subdued.

As the mourners entered, they shook hands severally with Mrs. Ryle. Chattaway put out his hand last, and with perceptible hesitation. It was many a year since his hand had been given in fellowship to Mrs. Ryle, or had taken hers. They had been friendly once, and in the old days he used to call her "Maude;" but that was over now.

Mrs. Ryle turned from the offered hand. "No," she said speaking in a quiet but most decisive tone, "I cannot forget the past sufficiently for that, James Chattaway. On this day it is forcibly present to me."

They sat down. Trevlyn next his mother, called there by her. The gentlemen disposed themselves on the side of the table facing the fire, and George found a chair a little behind, nobody seemed to notice him. And in sooth the better; for the boy's heart was too full to bear much notice then.

On the table was placed the paper which had been written by the surgeon, at the dictation of Mr. Ryle, the night when he lay in extremity. It had not been unfolded since. Mr. King took it up; he knew that he was expected to read it. They were waiting for him to do so.

"I must premise that the wording of this is Mr. Ryle's," he said. "He expressly requested me to pen down his own words, just as they issued from his lips. He—"

"Is it a will?" interrupted Farmer Apperley, a little gentleman with a red face and large nose. He had come to the funeral in top boots; they constituting his ideas of full dress.

"You can call it a will if you please," replied Mr. King. "I am not sure that the law would. It was in consequence of his not having made a will that he requested me to write down these few directions."

The Farmer nodded; and Mr. King began to read.

"In the name of God: Amen. I, Thomas Ryle.

"First of all, I bequeath my soul to God. Trusting that He will pardon my sins, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

"It's a dreadful blow, the cutting of me off by that bull of Chattaway's. The more so, that I am unable to leave things straightforward for my wife and children. They know—at least, my wife does, and all the parish knows—the pressure that has been upon me, through Chattaway coming down upon me as he has done. I have been as a bird with its wings clipped; as soon as I'd try to get up, I was pulled down again.

"Ill luck has been upon me besides. Beasts have died off, and crops have failed; the farm's not good for much, for all the money that has been laid out upon it, and nobody but me knows the labor it has cost. When you think of these things, my dear wife and boys, you'll know why I do not leave you better provided for. Many and many a night have I laid awake upon my bed, fretting, and planning, and hoping, all for your sakes. Perhaps if that bull had spared me to an old age, I might have left you better off.

"I'd like to bequeath the furniture and all that is in the house, and the stock, and the beasts, and all that I die possessed of, to my dear wife, Maude—but it's not of any good, for Chattaway will sell up—except the silver tankard, and that should go to Trevlyn. But for having 'T. R.' upon it, it should go to George, for he is the eldest. T. R. stood for my father, and T. R. has stood for me, and T. R. will stand for Trevlyn. George, though he is the eldest, won't grudge it him, if I know anything of his nature. And I give to George my watch, and I hope he'll keep it for his dead father's sake. It is only a silver one, as I dare say you have noticed, doctor; but it's very good to go, and George can have his initials engraved on the shield at the back, 'G. B. R.' And the three seals, and the gold key I give to him with it. The red cornelian has got our arms on it; for we had arms once, and my father sealed his letters with them: not that they have done him or me any good. And let Treve keep the tankard faithfully, and never part with it; and remember, my dear boys, that your poor father would have left you better keepsakes had it been in his power. You must prize these for the dead giver's sake. But there! it's of no use talking, for Chattaway, he'll sell up, watch and tankard, and all.

"And I'd like to leave that bay foal to my dear little Caroline. It will be a rare pretty creature when its bigger. And you must let it have the run of the three-cornered paddock, and I should like to see her on it, sweet little soul!—but Chattaway's bull has stopped it. And don't grudge the cost of a little saddle for her; and Roger, he can break it in: and mind you are all true and tender with my dear little wench, and if I thought you wouldn't be, I'd like to have her with me in my coffin. But you are good lads—though Treve he is hasty when his temper's put out—and I know you'll be to her what brothers ought to be. I always meant that foal for Carry, since I saw how pretty it was likely to grow, though I didn't say what was in my mind; and now I give it to her. But where's the use? Chattaway, he'll sell up.

"If he does sell up, to the last stick and stone, he'll not get his debt in full. Perhaps not much above the half of it; for things at a forced sale don't bring their value. You have put down 'his debt,' Mr. King, I suppose; but it is not his debt. I am on my death-bed, and I say that the two thousand pounds was made a present of to me by the squire on *his* death-bed. He told me it was made all right with Chattaway; that Chattaway understood the promise given to me, not to raise the rent; and that he'd be the same just landlord to me that the squire had been. The squire could not lay his hand upon the bond, or he would have given it to me then; but he said Chattaway should burn it as soon as he entered, which would be in an hour or two. Chattaway knows whether he has acted up to this: and now his bull has finished me.

"And I wish to tell Chattaway that if he'll act a fair part as a man ought, and let my wife and the boys stop on the farm, he'll stand a much better chance of getting the money than if he turns them off it. I don't say this for their sakes more than for his; but because from my very heart I believe it to be the truth. George has a good head on his shoulders the right way; and I advise his mother to keep him on the farm; he'll be getting older every day, and I say that I wish her to use her own judgment in all things, for her judgment is good. In time, they may be able to pay off Chattaway; in time they may be able even to buy back the farm, for it belonged to my forefathers, and not to the squire. That is, if Chattaway will be reasonable and let them stop on it, and not be hard and pressing. But perhaps I am talking nonsense, doctor, for he may turn them off, as his bull has turned off me.

"And now, my dear George and Treve, I repeat it to you, be good boys to your mother. Obey her in all things. Maude, I have left all to you in preference to dividing it between you and them, which there's no time for; but I know you'll do the right thing by them: and when it comes to your turn to leave—if Chattaway don't sell up—I'd wish you to bequeath to them in equal shares what you die possessed of. George is not your son, but he is mine, and—and—perhaps I'd better not say what I was going to say, doctor. Maude, I leave all to you, trusting to your justice to leave all in turn to them in equal portions; to the three—George, Treve, and Caroline. And my boys, you be loving and obedient to her, and work for her to the best of your ability; work for her, and work for yourselves. Work while it's day. In that book which I have not read so much as I ought to have read, it says, 'The night cometh when no man can work.' When we hear that read in church, or when we get the book out on a Sunday evening and read it to ourselves, that night seems a long, long way off. It seems so far off that it can never hardly be any concern of ours; and it is only when we are cut off suddenly that we find how very near it is. That night has come for me, through Chattaway's bull; and that night will come for you before you are aware. So, *work*—and please to score that, doctor. God has placed us in this world to work, and not to be ashamed of it; and to work for Him as well as for ourselves. It was often in my mind that I ought to work more for God—that I ought to think of Him more; and I used to say, 'I will soon, when a bit of this bother's off my mind.' But the bother was always there, and I never did it. And now the end's come, and I am cut off in the midst through that bull of Chattaway's; and I can see things would have been made easier to me if I *had* done it—score it, doctor—and I say it as a lesson to you, my children.

"And I think that's about all; and I am much obliged to you, doctor, for writing this. I hope they'll be able to manage things on the farm, and I'd ask my neighbor Apperly to give them his advice a bit now and then, for old friendship's sake, until George shall be older, and to put him in a way of buying and selling stock. If Chattaway don't sell up, that is. If he does, I hardly know how it will be. Perhaps God will put them in some other way, and take care of them. And I'd leave my best thanks to Nora, for she has been a true friend to us all, and I don't know how the house would have got along without her. And now I am growing faint, doctor, and I think the end is coming. God bless you all, my dear ones. Amen."

A deep silence fell on the room as Mr. King ceased. He folded up the paper and laid it on the table near to Mrs. Ryle. The first to speak was farmer Apperly.

"Any help that I can be of to you and George, Mrs. Ryle, and to all of you, is heartily at your service. It'll be yours with a right good will at all times and seasons. The more so, that you know if it had been me cut off in this way, my poor friend Ryle would have been the first to offer to do so much for my wife and boys, and have thought no trouble of it. George, you come over and ask me about things, just as you would ask your father; or send for me up here to the farm; and whatever work I might be at at home, though it was the putting out of a barn as was afire, I'd quit it to come."

"And now it's my turn to speak," said Mr. Chattaway. "And, Mrs. Ryle, I give you my promise, in the presence of these gentlemen, that if you choose to remain on the farm, I will not put a hindrance upon it. Your husband thought me hard—unjust; he said it before my face and behind my back. My opinion always has been that he entirely mistook Squire Trevlyn in that last interview he had with him. I do not think it was ever the squire's intention to cancel the bond: Ryle must have misunderstood him altogether: at any rate, I heard nothing of it. As the successor in the estate, the bond came into my possession; and in my wife and children's interest I could not consent to suppress it. Nobody but a soft-hearted man—and that's what Ryle was, poor fellow—would have thought of asking such a thing. But I was willing to give him all facilities for paying it, and I did so. No! It was not my hardness that was in fault, but his pride and his nonsense, and his thinking I ought not to ask for my own money—"

"If you bring up these things, James Chattaway, I must answer them," interrupted Mrs. Ryle. "I would prefer not to be forced to do it to-day."

"I do not want to bring them up in an unpleasant spirit," answered Mr. Chattaway; "I do not say it was his fault or my fault. Well! it happened to happen. He is gone, poor man; and I wish that savage beast of a bull had been in four quarters before he had done the mischief! All I would now say, is, that I'll put no impediment to your remaining on the farm. We will not go into business details this afternoon, but I will come in any day next week that you like to appoint, and talk it over. If you choose to keep on the farm at its present rent; it is well worth it; and to pay me interest for the money that's owing, and a yearly sum—as shall be agreed upon—towards diminishing the debt, you are welcome to do it."

Just what Nora had predicted! Mr. Chattaway loved money too greatly to run the risk of losing part of the debt—as he probably would do, if he turned them off the farm. Mrs. Ryle bowed her head in cold acquiescence. She saw no other way open to her, save that of accepting the offer. Very probably Mr. Chattaway knew that there was no other.

"The sooner things are settled, the better," she remarked. "I will name eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very good; I'll be here," he answered. "And I am glad it is decided harmoniously."

The rest of those present appeared also to be glad. Perhaps they had feared some unpleasant recrimination might take place between Mrs. Ryle and James Chattaway. Thus relieved, they unbent a little, and crossed their legs as if inclined to become more sociable, having until then sat as stiff as pokers. Mrs. Ryle rang the bell, and Molly appeared, in her new black dress, bringing in pipes and ale. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

COOL.

We all remember what a torrent of invective the English press poured upon Mr. N. P. Willis when in his "Pencillings by the Way," he alluded to the private companies he attended while in London. But Mr. Willis's offences in this respect—and we are not inclined altogether to excuse them—were as nothing compared to those of Mr. Russell of the "*London Times*," in the recent publication of his "Diary." Mr. Russell appears to have entirely sunk the gentleman in the reporter, and to have supposed that he was at much freedom to report the proceedings of private as of public companies. Here is a sample of Mr. Russell's mode of doing things, being his description of a visit to a well-known banker of the city of New York:—

> When a man looks at a suit of armor made to order by the first blacksmith in Europe, he observes that the finish of the joints and hinges is much higher than in the old iron clothes of the former time. Possibly the metal is better, and the chasings and garniture as good as the work of Milan, but the observer is not for a moment led to imagine that the fabric has stood proof of blows, or that it smacks of ancient watch-fire. If he were asked why it is so, he could not tell; any more perhaps than he could define exactly the difference between the lustrous, highly-jewelled, well-greaved Achaian of New York, and the very less effective and showy creature who will in every society over the world pass muster as a gentleman. Here was an elegant house—I use the word in its real meaning—with pretty statues, rich carpets, handsome furniture, and a gallery of charming Meissonier's and genre pieces; the saloons admirably lighted—a fair fine large suite, filled with the prettiest women in the most delightful toilettes, with a proper fringe of young men, orderly, neat, and well turnedout, fretting against the usual advanced posts of turbaned and [illegible] dowagers, [illegible] necessary to make up the whole [illegible] society—for there was wit, beauty, intelligence, vivacity; and yet there was [illegible] something wanting—not in host or hostess, or company, or house—where was it?—which was conspicuous by its absence."

Could anything be more delightful in its assurance than the above? Here is an individual who takes advantage of an invitation to a gentleman's house to call into serious question the right of his host and his friends to the title of "gentlemen," as if that very fact did not prove that he was himself of the snob order, and therefore totally incompetent to decide upon such a delicate question. Doubtless there was something in that assemblage which seemed sadly at variance with the usual accessories of "good society"—something coarser in substance and in essence than is usually tolerated on such occasions—something that seemed an ugly blot upon the fair scene—something that made many inquire "what is it?" among that assemblage of fair women and well-bred men—something that had neither wealth and station, nor eloquence and genius to recommend it—but what that something was we have too much politeness to say. Let Mr. Russell retire, as the philosophic German did when he wished to picture a perfect donkey, "into the depths of his own consciousness," and he may there perhaps imagine for a moment what it is to which we refer.

RATHER GOOD FOR PUNCH.—The *London Punch*, in commenting upon a recent fancy ball given by the Empress Eugenie, says:—

The account given by *Galignani* of these Imperial festivities concludes with a remark which is not quite happy—

> "The Cotillion, led by the MARQUIS DE CAUX, as a Caucasian, did not terminate till 5 in the morning, and altogether the *fete* was in every respect worthy of the august personages who gave it."

Well, those personages were august; but their *fete* was less characterised by augustness than by prettiness and innocence. It was the expression of a playful child-like disregard of the wrestling manhood, the devoted martyrdom, the rampant ferocity, and the dire distress of which the world is just now exhibiting so many spectacles. The unthoughtfulness of grave and grim realities, betokened by bee-quadrilles and the rest of the graceful and elegant revelry described, is just what makes all that sort of thing so nice. Never mind the wrong and misery around you; dress, dance, and look pretty—as pretty as you can. *Only, to be sure, this is just what the monkeys would do, if they had got the upper hand, and only sense enough to play the fool.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SISTER ROSE; or, THE OMINOUS MARRIAGE. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE IRON FURNACE; or, SLAVERY AND SECESSION. By REV. JOHN H. AUGHEY, a Presbyterian clergyman, late of Mississippi. Published by W. S. & A. Martien, Philadelphia.

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, 628 and 630 Chestnut Street. pp. 700. This is a very valuable work. It contains a mass of important information—including meteorological observations, notices of the Coast Survey, of the Iron Clads, statistics of the State and Treasury Departments, Abstract of Public Laws, the Census of 1860, Record of Important Events during 1862, &c., &c.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS; or, OBJECT LESSONS IN BOTANY. With a Flora. Prepared for Beginners in Academies and Public Schools. By ALPHONSO WOOD, A. M. With 655 illustrations. Published by Barnes & Burr, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY. Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros, Philada.

TWO FRIENDS. By the author of the "Patience of Hope," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B Peterson & Bros., Philada.

ARBITRARY ARRESTS IN THE SOUTH; or, Scenes from the Experience of an Alabama Unionist. By R. S THARIN, M. A., a Native of Charleston, S. C., and for thirty years a Resident of the Cotton States. Published by John Bradburn, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE ORANGE.

BY F. LOCKER.

It ripened by the river banks,
  Where—mask and moonlight aiding—
Dona Bias and Juan play sad pranks
  Dark Donnas serenading.

By Moorish maiden it was plucked,
  Who through the grove was stealing;
By Saxon sweetheart it was sucked,
  Who flung away the peeling.

She could not know in Pimlico,
  As little she in Sevilla,
That *I* should reel upon that peel,
  And find my proper level!

☞ SENSIBLE.—A curate at Thouretta (France) has insisted, ever since he has been curate of that place, that is for the last thirty years, that the parents of every child he baptized should plant a fruit tree of some kind. The consequence has been that Thouretta, which was formerly very unproductive, is now one immense and profitable orchard.

MARY BOOTH.

BY DR. THOMAS W. PARSONS.

What shall we do now, Mary being dead,
  Or say, or write, that shall express the half?
What can we do, but pillow that fair head,
  And let the Spring-time write her epitaph,
As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,
  Wind-flower, and columbine, and maiden's hair;
Each letter of that pretty alphabet
  That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love;
  She was a woman for a husband's life;
One that had learned to value far above
  The name of Love, the sacred name of wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,
  Had all there is of life—except gray hairs;
Hope—love—trust—passion and devotion deep—
  And that mysterious tie a Mother bears.

She hath fulfilled her promise and hath past;
  Set her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes look on that loved image for the last,
  Now cover it in earth—her earth no more.

—*Boston Courier.*

☞ GAB.—A witty foreigner said, some years ago, that this nation was dying of "gab." Not so. If "gab" could have killed this nation, it would have been dead long ago. Although a nuisance, "gab" is not fatal to national life.

☞ INGENIOUS.—Here is a long sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious person has got up with just the letters found in the word *maiden*. "Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine."

☞ Where not Joseph's brothers the first founders? It is well known they *sunk* him in a pit.

☞ Proportion your charity to others' necessities and your own ability; and where the object is doubtful, rather relieve a drone than let a bee perish.

☞ TO ACTORS.—In the middle of a speech, if there's the least applause, stop, turn round, come forward, and bow. It's respectful. In general, the plaudits will arise from the sentiment, and not at all from your acting—*bow, nevertheless!*

☞ AN ITEM FOR THE CURIOUS.—In a recent divorce case in England, in which the parties were an old nobleman and his young wife, the judge dilated on the evil effects of "marriages contracted between May and December." He has since received a letter from the Secretary of a Scottish statistical society, asking for the figures in relation to the marriages contracted between these months, as he wanted to get up a paper on the subject, to be read before the society.

☞ It was customary, years ago, to publish from the pulpit, in Connecticut, bans of matrimony. On one occasion an old man rose and said—"I forbid the bans." On being asked to state his objections, he replied—"I had reserved Dinah Custis for myself." The objection was not deemed "good."

☞ It is stated that a prominent municipal officer urged, when a public dinner was being prepared, that sardines be added to the bill of fare. He was told, among other things, that they might be too expensive. He persisted, and the controversy growing warm, it was even intimated that he did not know what a sardine was. With high indignation, he replied, "I guess I know what a sardine is—a chunk of meat between two chunks of bread!"

☞ The Duke of Devonshire offered one thousand pounds sterling for the bullet which was extracted from Garibaldi's foot, but failed to obtain it.

☞ HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTATION.—A druggist advertises in an exchange paper the following varieties of "extracts for the handkerchief:"—"Big Thing, Think of Me, The Ball is Up, Something New, Try It, Fifth Avenue, Pet of the Regiment, Kiss Me in the Dark, Sumter, Kiss Me Quick, &c., &c. Price 12 cts. a bottle."

☞ How many of the sparks at which great fires have been kindled, even now enlightening and warming the world, have been struck from the hearts and brains of men counted fools and fanatics in their own generation?

☞ "Why the deuce is it," said a young swell, a few days since, "that I can't make my collar sit well?" "Because it is a standing collar," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

☞ Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

☞ When were Love's arms stretched so wide as upon the cross? When did they embrace so much as when Thou, O Christ, didst gather within Thy bosom the spears and arrows of the mighty, to open up a lane for Freedom?

☞ "Bob," said a tormenting friend to a bachelor acquaintance, "why don't you get married?" "Well, I don't know. I came very near it once—just missed it." "You did? Let's hear it." "Why, I asked a girl if I should see her home from a party one evening, and she said no! If she'd said yes, I think I should have courted and married her. That's the nearest I ever came to getting married."

TWO WEEKS AT WASHINGTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

One morning, soon after our arrival at the Capital, a little company of us started for the hospital, in an ambulance; our first ride at the Government's expense, oh, friend and reader, not a smooth, luxurious one by any means! The roads were in a condition which baffles description, and can only be appreciated by those who know from observation and experience, what Washington roads are when the winter opens into spring.

The patient mules toiled through the yellow-red sea of mud; while the long tent of canvas followed behind in a constant struggle to maintain its equilibrium, rising and falling like great billows driven of the winds, and compelling us to hold fast in whatsoever position we found ourselves temporarily located.

Sharp expostulations of amazed muscles and limbs—appalling perspectives of compound fractures, and dislocated joints, largely neutralised the enjoyment of this novel method of locomotion.

But the morning, spilling the new wine of its sunshine over all the earth, seemed to have wandered out from the late May, and lifted up its face of marvellous beauty in the early March.

The sky of New England Junes smiled down upon us; the winds, with some faint perfume of southern roses and budding violets, lost themselves among the branches "where even now the buds were beginning to smell."

We thought of the fierce March winds, just now beginning to wake up, and to walk like an army with banners the valleys and hillsides at home, we heard their fierce, stormy wrath as they rode out—those mighty winds scourging the earth and triumphing to each other—we remembered how, last year, the great white linens of snow lay thick in the cold hollows, and in the shaded places at home, long after the robins had sung their sweet welcome to the April, and taken their "summer lease" of the branches, and here how great was the contrast.

But we reached the hospital at last, and alighted with no broken limbs, and in tolerable sound condition.

We visited the Columbia first, the white tents lying about the great building like snow drifts. Inside, the cleanliness and the general aspect of comfort and cheerfulness were attractive. Most of the soldiers were convalescent, and we had an opportunity of visiting all the wards through the courtesy and kindness of the surgeon, Doctor B——. The men mostly sitting upon their beds, or gathered in knots conversing by the windows, seemed in good spirits; not one of them uttered a complaint. "It was not like home, of course," they said, "but about all had been done for their comfort which was possible." A few faces only wore sharp and white with suffering, were lifted languidly as we passed by. "Most of the men had recovered and gone back into camp," the surgeon said.

The Carver hospital lies near the Columbia; the men are here distributed in barracks, which are warm and comfortable.

Our pen cannot even glance at much we met here that interested and touched us, but there was one scene which we shall not be likely ever to forget.

One of the ladies of our company requested to see some soldier from Ohio—her native state.

We were directed to a bed near which stood a man with a dark, weather-beaten, honest face, and hair slightly sifted with gray, as the first frosts sift the forest grasses with silver.

He had received a letter from home that morning, and had just set about answering it, he told us. And then in reply to our further questioning, the rugged features warmed and brightened, the man turned to his couch and fumbled about the low pillow a moment, and then with pride and tenderness struggling together for mastery in his honest face, he brought up a daguerreotype case, opened, and held it before us. There sat the pleasant faced mother, with her half dozen boys and girls clustered about her, bright intelligent faces—all of them, *his* boys and girls, the soldier said, *his*, that he had not seen for so many slow, long months, *his* that his heart was a hungered and athirst for.

We could not say much to him then, but we thought how many hopes and prayers, how much love and longing concentrated about that one solitary, weather beaten old soldier; what thoughts daily brooded in anxiety and yearning over his welfare, and how, if any evils should befall him, the arrow would pierce so many loving hearts. We thought of all this, and ours ached looking on those young, bright faces.

"He had caught the rheumatism," the soldier said, as we gave him back the case. "He was getting rather too old to sleep out on the damp ground."

We looked at his gray hairs, and thought so too.

On our return home in the cars, we met an officer on board with whom we very naturally fell into conversation respecting the war.

"It's astonishing," he said, "the delusion and the persistency of those Southerners. Among the prisoners that awhile since fell to my care, there was one we took, a youth, a mere boy, of seventeen years old.

"He was sick too; and his only hope or ambition in getting well was that he could return to his army, and serve once more in its ranks. He was one of the handsomest little fellows that I ever saw," and it seemed that the officer's heart warmed a moment over his sick boy-prisoner, as he told us, with a kind of regretful tenderness, of the beautiful white face, in which the black eyes were set like flames, and about which was clustered the bright, dark hair. Pretty boy! misguided boy! for whom it may be some mother's heart aches and prays, sitting where the crimson-throated magnolias open their lips, and amidst the soft winds with their fragrance, or some young sister's blue eyes grow dim with weeping—misguided boy, led into evil, believing it good, serving with such enthusiasm and self sacrifice that wrong cause which thou deemest to be right. May the errors of thy youth not be counted sin nor shame unto thee! The pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday pass thee by! The honor and service of thy manhood atone for the mistake of thy youth, and be given to that country against which may'st thou yet blush to remember the arm of thy boyhood was lifted!

Coming up the front steps the other day, our heart was suddenly thrilled by the sight of a crocus opening its golden vase above the ground.

There it lay like a great star, just dropped at our feet. The early rains, and the faint sunshine had beguiled it into life and bloom, and on the very threshhold of winter it lifted its yellow head, and uttered its promises and its prophesy!

"When the birds have sung once, they surely shall sing again." When the crocus has blossomed once, there shall bloom afterward many flowers!

Now the winter may come back, as it *has* come again, hurling its fierce wrath, and beating its wild storms into the face of spring, and burying the ground once more under its woolens of snow.

Let its war shout be strong on the mountains, and the cry of its triumph resound through the valleys, and that little crocus shall stand with us for a sign and a witness that cannot fail!

The joy of the spring, the beauty of summer, the glory of the autumn, lie beyond it! As surely shall the south wind and the sunshine, of which it is a token, prevail over the cold and the storms, as right shall prevail over wrong, truth triumph over evil!

In the first of these two weeks at Washington, we visited the Patent Office. The immense marble pile lifts itself in the heart of the city like some old palace; and in the interior, a stranger is certain to be lost among great halls, passages, and winding staircases on every side. We were, however, rescued from our bewilderment by a friend who accompanied us around the building, and the immense hall, with its beautiful arches and lofty pillars, and tesselated pavement, form a vast and beautiful perspective in our memory.

We traversed the long corridors, on either side of which are the immense cases, piled with models.

One might well pass weeks here, and we had only time for a cursory glance at so much that to us was wonderful and incomprehensible; but the thought of all the toil of brain and hand, of sleepless nights, and laborious days, whose results are gathered under this one roof, is fairly overwhelming. But, dear reader, we forgot all these things, and were chained to the spot, when our friend pointed to one of the cases, and informed us that this contained various camp articles which Washington had used during the Revolutionary war.

What feelings surged through our souls as we bent over these most precious relics!

There was no beauty, no intrinsic value in them. Old and faded and worn, yet what a mighty language they had, uttering their eloquent language over the long bridge of nearly a century of years! What stories they could tell us of suffering, of toil, and sacrifice!

There was the old writing case where the strong arm rested—over which the calm face so often bowed itself. There was the camp chest, with its simple appointments, bearing witness that the commander-in-chief had no time nor care for luxuries of the table,—there too was the old-fashioned chair, and sword case. *These* had followed him more or less through those battle-fields which flame up luridly down that long path of seven years struggle and suffering!

These had seen the snows reddened, and the spring grasses draggled with blood: these would tell what it had cost him to work out the deliverance of his country—our Washington!

If he were living now to behold the glory and greatness of the land to whom he dedicated the decline of his life, and alas, her sin and her shame!

A little way from the first case stood a large square one, containing various domestic articles which had belonged to Mount Vernon during the life of Washington, and which had been deposited at Arlington, and after its capture removed to the Patent Office.

There was the old lantern which hung in the spacious hall of Mount Vernon; there were the linen bed-curtains, daintily embroidered by the industrious fingers of Mrs. Washington; there was a set of fine, old-fashioned porcelain, a secretary with the old-fashioned brass handles on every drawer, and various other relics of the revolutionary era.

By especial favor, we were permitted to take the sword of Washington, a plain, homely one enough, and it looked as though it might have done good service in those days of iron swords. We grasped it a moment, thinking of the brave heart which nerved the strong arm that once had wielded it, and looked wistfully at the rusty blade, longing to learn something of the scenes in which it had been an actor; but the old sword kept its secrets as the hand which once wielded it keeps them too, turning to dust in the shadowy quiet of Mount Vernon!

Everybody in Washington, it seemed to us, went to the President's reception, for it was the last of the Congressional season; and so we went, too, under a sort of mental protest, however, for the experienced assured us there would be a terrible rush this time, and we don't take kindly to crowds.

But the evening was pleasant, the earth lay smiling under a silver baptismal of moonlight, and thinking it might be but once in a life time, we resolved to go.

All prophesies, however, of the crowd we were to encounter, fell far behind the facts in the case. It was a work of time, and patience, of pushing, pulling, and elbowing to reach the "White House," on this evening of which we write.

The great sea of humanity which filled the avenues leading to the house surged to and fro outside and emptied its slow tides into the hall every time the front doors were opened. At last our turn came. The guards in kindly, but unceremonious fashion, pulled us up and pushed us into the house.

Panting, breathless, suffocating, our little company at last reached the dressing-room, where on applying to the woman in waiting for checks for hats and cloaks, we were informed that the supply was exhausted. Here was a dilemma. We must either tuck shawls and bonnets under our arms and present ourselves to our host and hostess in this fashion, or keep them on, which we concluded was the more sensible choice of the two.

But *that* crowd, the rush, the jam—the pushing and panting, the struggling and suffocating baffle description!

It was in vain that we sought to penetrate the solid phalanx; there was no way of edging nor insinuating ourselves into or through it. And at last exhausted and defeated we retired once more to the dressing-room, and passed the next hour or two in observing the crowd, and wondering how American women manage to disfigure themselves as many of these did that night. The reception was of course a public matter, every man and woman in the nation had a right to be there, and to dress just as he or she pleased. But the efforts at display—the furbelows and flounces, the *over* dress, the few quiet, graceful costumes suited to the time and occasion! Really one could not help marvelling at the lack of good sense and good taste which displayed themselves. But, at last, the crowd began to ebb perceptibly, and as there seemed something almost dishonorable in retreat, without achieving the object of our visit, we concluded to make one more attempt for the reception-room. This time we accomplished it, and drifting like one in a dream along with the tide of guests we soon found ourselves in the presence of our host.

There stood the President of the United States, the one man whose office is the loftiest this world has to bestow. There was no mistaking the tall figure, the strong, kindly, honest face, bearing witness to the heart, great in its goodness, beneath—the face of a man whose integrity of character, whose purity and honesty of purpose a nation can believe and trust in.

This reception was the first evening one, we were informed, which had transpired at the "White House" since the death of the President's young son.

He used to stand by his father's side at times like these, they said, and we wondered if sometimes amid all the gay and dazzling scene before him, the thought of that bright face and that golden head did not steal mournfully across the President's thoughts—if he did not sometimes seem almost to feel the clasp of those small, soft fingers about his own. Little Willie Lincoln! with what wondering childish curiosity and delight he must have listened in his quiet western home to the story of the strange and marvellous life of the far away splendid home which awaited him, and which he lived just long enough to see opening its dazzling perspective before him, and then he lay down to that sleep from which no earthly glory, no visions of this world's power and splendor shall ever awake him—little Willie Lincoln!

A short distance from her husband and surrounded by her guests stood Mrs. Lincoln, her deep mourning dress bearing its solemn tribute to the darkness which fell so suddenly into her new life; and we thought too of the room locked up and desolate in her mother-heart—the room where her boy was, and is not!

There was no time for words in that surging crowd; a brief recognition was all there was space for; and we passed on with the merry company of men and women through the blaze of light, through the stately rooms, amid the hum of countless voices and the thrill of sweet laughter, at the "White House" that night.

And glancing up to the walls we beheld there a face which thrilled our heart with new reverence and joy!

There, in most conspicuous position, as one to whom they delighted to do honor, and richly framed, was a life-size portrait of our Washington!

The strong, serene, grand face looked down on the dashing scene as it would have looked had he still lived—the face of a man whom no prospects of glory could allure, no rewards attract, whom nothing in this world was powerful enough to tempt—a man staunch and true to the core; faithful to himself, to his convictions of duty, to the last. And it seemed to us that in some sense this portrait stood a guardian spirit of the White House; and that sometimes its President, sick and disgusted with what he must so often encounter, of men greedy for place and power, and ready to sacrifice honor and faith to those things, might go, and standing still before this face which looks down upon him by day and by night, gain cheer and courage in beholding it.

Here was a man who passed through all that he must, the perplexing, harrassing cares, the awful responsibilities and temptations of power unsullied and unscathed; and surely in their love of justice and right, in their honesty and integrity of purpose, there is some moral likeness betwixt our first President and our last.

It was fast wearing into midnight when we left the White House. The crowd was rapidly dispersing, the earth lay wrapped and crystallized in moonlight, the beautiful and stately building, with its gleaming colonnade, faded away, and was lost to our sight; but that evening at the "White House" will long hang vivid in our memory among the varied scenes of our "*Two weeks at Washington!*"

Admiral Porter's Narrative of the Construction and Career of his "Dummy Monitor," the "Turreted Monster" of the Rebels.

A private letter has been received at Washington by a naval officer, from Acting Rear Admiral Porter, which has created much amusement in Cabinet circles. It seems that Porter was much surprised to learn, on the 25th of February, that the ram Queen of the West was at Warrenton, seven miles below Vicksburg, with the rebel flag flying, and steam up. The account Porter had received from Ellet led him to believe that the Queen was in such a condition that she could not be repaired for some time. "I knew," says Admiral Porter in his letter, "that Brown could take care of the Webb by himself, but I have no idea that he will be a match for the Queen and the Webb both assailing him at the same time. The Indianola is a weak vessel, and the only good thing about her is her battery." He proceeds to say that, "during the time of the running of the blockade, by the Queen and Indianola, five rebel guns were burst and dismounted in their forts. Therefore it was an object to make them fire as much as possible. I got a mortar in easy range, and opened on that part of the town where there was nothing but army supplies, and soon provoked a fire of four of their heavy batteries. The shell at first fell over the mortar and around it, bursting close to our men; but the range began to grow shorter and shorter, until they let us have it all our own way. Finding that they could not be provoked without an object, I thought of getting up an imitation Monitor. An old coal barge, picked up in the river, was the foundation to build on. It was constructed in twelve hours, of old boards, with pork barrels piled on top of each other for smoke-stack, and two old canoes for quarter boats. Her furnaces were built of mud, and only intended to make black smoke, and not steam. On the night of the 24th, we heard, at 9 o'clock, heavy guns about 15 miles below. We knew that the rebels had nothing but light guns there, which could not be heard at any distance. So we thought it was the Indianola engaging the batteries at Carthage, 15 miles below Vicksburg. Not knowing that Brown was in peril, we let loose our Monitor. It was towed to within a couple of miles of the first battery, and let go, when it was discovered by the dim light of the moon that Vicksburg was in a stew. Never did her batteries open with such a vim. The earth fairly trembled, and the shot flew thickly around the devoted Monitor, which returned no shot with her long wooden gun. The Monitor ran safely past all the batteries, though under a heavy fire for an hour, and drifted down safely to the lower mouth of the canal, where she was tucked into an eddy. The rebels were completely deceived by her. As soon as they saw her by daylight they opened on her again with all the guns they could bring to bear, but without a shot hitting her to do any harm, for the shot went through one side, and came out the other, without causing the vessel to sink, as she was full of water already. Our soldiers shouted and laughed like mad, but the laugh was somewhat against them when, at daylight, we discovered the ram Queen of the West lying at Warrenton; and the question at once arose what had happened to the Indianola. Had the two rams sunk her or captured her in the engagement we had heard the night before? One or two of the soldiers got the Monitor out in the stream, and let her go down on the ram Queen. All the forts commenced firing and signalizing, and as the Monitor approached her, the ram turned tail and ran down the river as fast as she could go, the Monitor after her, making all the speed that was given her by a five knot current. The forts at Warrenton fired bravely and rapidly, and it was reported that they hit our Monitor in a very vulnerable spot."

THE PRESIDENT AND GEN STOUGHTON.—President Lincoln, when informed that Gen. Stoughton had been captured by the rebels at Fairfax, is reported to have said that he did not mind the loss of the brigadier as much as he did the loss of the horses. "For," said he, "I can make a much better brigadier in five minutes, but the horses cost a hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece."—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ Words are but leaves; deeds are the fruit.

A NEW THEORY OF VENTILATION.

The French Academy of Sciences, at a late meeting, listened to a paper from M. Delbruck, which, if well-founded, will upset a good many of our existing notions about ventilation. M. Delbruck has made some researches on the quantity of air required for breathing during sleep. It strikes him as singular that, while all medical men are unanimous in prescribing several cubic metres of pure air for each person sleeping in a room, as absolutely indispensable for health, all animals appear to shun the open air as much as possible, in order to compose themselves to sleep. Thus the lion and tiger retire to some dark cavern, where the air is confined; the dog goes to his kennel, and thrusts his snout under his belly; birds, to which the open air would appear to be a necessity, whether asleep or awake, retire to some private corner, and put their heads under their wings. Nay, what does the schoolboy do, when left in a dormitory aired with particular care? If he finds he cannot fall asleep, the first thing he does is to bury his head under the bedclothes. Hence M. Delbruck concludes that if, when awake, we exhale a quantity of carbonic acid, we must inhale a certain quantity of this gas during sleep, just as plants exhale by day the oxygen they absorb during the night. We judge, however, that those who have awakened with a headache in the morning when sleeping in a close room, will hardly agree with him.

THE YEAR OF NINES.—The present year, 1863, presents some curious combinations in regard to the figure 9. If you add the first two figures together thus, 1x8, they equal 9; if add the last two, 6x3, they equal 9; if you set the first two figures, 18, under 63, and add them together, the result is 81, the figures of which, added together, 8x1—9; if you subtract the first two from 63, the remainder is 45, the figures of which, if added together, 4x5—9; if you divide the 63 by the 18, quotient is 3, with 9 remainder; if you multiply all the figures together, 1x8x6x3, the result is 144, the figures of which 1x4x4—9; if you add all the figures of the year together the sum is 18, and the sum 1x8—9; if you divide 1863 by 3, the quotient is 621, and 6x2x1—9; if you divide 1863 by 9, the quotient is 207, and 2x0x7—9; if you divide 1863 by 23, the quotient is 81, and 8x1—9; if you divide 1863 by 69, the quotient is 27, and 2x7—9. There are other similar results. The year 1881 will provide a large variety of similar combinations.

☞ Delightful Mary Ino says the first time she was kissed, she felt like a vase of roses swimming in honey and *eau de cologne*. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

☞ When a woman can be critical, she is the best of critics. She not only sees the flower, but scents the perfume.

☞ No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not now taking up more than their share of it.

☞ We notice that several widowers of our acquaintance have suddenly become fondly solicitous about their young children since they have learned that they owe to them their exemption from military duty! They don't seem so much impressed, as formerly, with the necessity of providing a mother-in-law to take care of them.

☞ Parties designing to prepay postage on letters occasionally cut out the centre-piece, or venerable head, from a five or ten cent "postal currency" stamp, and attach it to the letter, instead of employing the ordinary postage stamp. The motive is not fraudulent, of course, but the law does not sanction the proceeding, nor recognize the currency stamp for this use, and it must therefore be rejected by postmasters.

☞ A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting most cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," was the answer. "Walsh, Walsh," responded Paddy, "are ye not from Dublin? I knew two old maids there of that name—was either of them yer mother?"

☞ A HINT TO OYSTER EATERS.—When too many oysters have been incautiously eaten, and are felt lying cold and heavy on the stomach, an infallible remedy is hot milk, of which half a pint may be drank, and which will quickly dissolve the oysters into a bland, cream jelly.

☞ STAGE FEELING.—It is recorded of Garrick that whilst that great actor was drowning the house in tears, in the fourth act of Lear, he put his tongue in his cheek, and said to one of the performers, during the applause, "D—n me, Tom, it will do, it will do."

☞ "Keep your body sound; as wine savors of the cask it is kept in, the soul receives tincture from the frame through which it works." A whole sermon is herein contained, and we wish more could be preached founded on the gospel of health.

☞ IN LUCK.—A young medical student of London, who was so fortunate as to pick up the Princess Alice of England when thrown from her carriage, has been presented by that amiable damsel with a valuable gold pin and a set of shirt studs.

☞ God does not always send affliction to take your spirit out of your flesh, but your flesh out of your spirit.

LATEST NEWS.

12,000 Rebels Advancing on Fort Donelson.

CAIRO, March 13.—Gen. Tuttle received a despatch from Fort Donelson to-day, which says: "Our cavalry report twelve thousand rebels within twenty-eight miles of Fort Donelson. The country people for miles around are coming to Fort Donelson with various reports. The rebels are reported to be well armed. Our forces are ready for any emergency."

The steamer Ruth has been seized at Columbus, having two hundred boxes, shipped at St. Louis for Memphis, which were said to contain oranges, but proved to be filled with clothing, quinine, letters, &c., for the rebels.

Miscellaneous.

General Rosecrans telegraphs that he has information that the rebels have evacuated Vicksburg. Advices of a similar character have also been received at the Navy Department.

General Halleck has addressed an official letter to General Rosecrans, approving his recommendation of more stringent measures with regard to disloyal persons within the lines of the army.

The report of the destruction of the Indianola is officially confirmed. The wooden Monitor that Admiral Porter sent down the river frightened the rebels to such a degree that they blew her up.

The taking of the Yazoo Pass appears to be confirmed by dispatches from Memphis.

A camp of rebel guerrillas has been broken up near Covington, Tenn., and the rebel Gen. Looney captured.

A Cairo dispatch says that an important movement of troops is taking place in the neighborhood of Vicksburg.

An Illinois judge has been arrested by the military authorities for interfering with the arrest of deserters.

The sale of arms, except upon special permit, has been prohibited in Cincinnati.

NEW YORK, March 14.—The Express states that Secretary Chase was offered one hundred millions in gold by European parties, which, at the current rates of exchange, would be equivalent to par here.

☞ "Don't think of me," as the man said who was on the point of being thrown from the gallery to the pit; "but recollect those beneath me."

☞ In Pekin, a weekly newspaper of extraordinary dimensions is published on silk. It was said to have been started more than a thousand years.

☞ TO VOCALISTS.—After you've very indifferently sung a very indifferent song, do not quit the side scenes; but if, amidst a hundred hisses, you hear a little boy in the gallery cry "encore," come on and sing it again. That's the *sense* of the house.

☞ COTTON.—The Egyptian cotton crop will be greater this year by 60 000 bales, than that of last year. A corresponding increase in the cotton production of other countries would go far toward supplying the wants of the manufacturing world.

☞ The stones on the corner of the Exchange in Boston, are larger than any single stone in Cleopatra's needle; and those now in erection on the U. S. Treasury building at Washington are much heavier than any stone of Pompey's Pillar on the Pyramids of Egypt.

☞ A gentleman the other evening objected to playing cards with a lady, because, he said, she had such a "winning way" about her.

☞ A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself:—"Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins."

☞ The banana possesses wonderful nutritive powers, and an acre sown with it will support more than fifty persons, whereas the same amount of land sown with wheat in Europe will only support two persons.

☞ POLITICS.—Washington Irving says: "It would seem to be the main business of man to repine at Government. In all situations of life into which I have looked, I have found mankind divided into two grand parties: those who ride, and those who are ridden. The great struggle of life seems to be which shall keep in the saddle. This, it appears to me, is the fundamental principle of politics, whether in greater or lesser life."

☞ Writers in England suggest that a heavy duty be put upon crinoline in order to confine its use to the rich only, so that servant girls and humble people may be spared the danger of getting burnt to death. The rich, we suppose, are to be left to their own destruction, for the benefit of their heirs.

☞ What is the difference between your great coat and a baby? One you wear, and the other you was.

☞ A delicate hint to lovers is found in the Memoirs of Lady Morgan. When she was Miss Owenson, and corresponded with Sir Charles Morgan, she was at times provokingly mischievous, and to make it up would leave a blank space in her next note to represent a kiss, leaving the lover to suppose her lips had rested there, or what was better perhaps, that it was a virtual promise to pay.

☞ We are not betting men, but we will lay Louis Napoleon a trifling wager that we conquer the rebel Confederacy before he conquers Mexico. And Victoria may hold the stakes.

☞ The term "showing the white feather," is said to have originated in the fact that game cocks of vitiated breeds were revealed by white feathers in the tail, and they were said to show their impurity of blood by corresponding conduct—the white feather denoting the craven bird. Hence the term white feather was applied to human bipeds who displayed timorous characteristics.

SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

In the sad and mournful Autumn,
With the falling of the leaf,
Death, the reaper, claimed our loved one,
As the husbandman the sheaf:
Cold and dark the day we laid her
'Neath the sighing cypress tree,
For though nothing to another,
She was all the world to me.

In the month of song and blossom,
In the month when tender flowers
Spring from Earth's maternal bosom—
Waked to life by gentle showers;
As I wandered close beside her
'Neath the spreading greenwood tree,
Fair, I said, and radiant maiden,
You are all the world to me.

Then the rare and bright-eyed maiden,
In the month of song and flowers,
Rosy-lipped and beauty-laden—
Curtained by the twilight hours—
Gave her hand into my keeping
'Neath the spreading greenwood tree;
And she said, with eyelids drooping,
You are all the world to me.

Bright the visions round us floated
On the quiet evening air,
For to them whose life is loving
There is beauty everywhere.
Long we stood, yet scarcely spoke we,
'Neath the spreading greenwood tree,
Sometimes hinting, always looking
You are all the world to me.

But there hovered near a spirit
Darker than the bird of night,
And it touched her drooping eyelids,
Covered up her eyes of light;
Then with careful hands we laid her
'Neath the sighing cypress tree;
And my heart with hers is buried—
She was all the world to me.

A. W. B.

DOUBTS ARE TRAITORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNIE RUSSELL.

"He borrowed maxims from a doubting school."

"Dreaming?"

The question came in a merry voice from a half-opened door, and the intruder looked in on this tableau. Seated near the window, looking out with earnest eyes, and a smile on the sweet flexible mouth, sat a young girl just hovering between childhood and womanhood. The rosy light of a winter sunset bathed the room in glowing radiance, and gave a flush to the fair face of Meta Carleton that suited well the expression of happiness that rested there. She was not beautiful, as the word is used in general parlance. Her eyes were neither of flashing black nor languishing blue, and her hair rivalled neither the raven's wing nor the silk of the ripe corn. She was small, with a pretty slight figure, and her face was one that stole into your heart, being full of womanly sweetness. The clear, grey eyes seemed to mirror the childlike purity of her thoughts, though their usual look of quiet gravity could give place to laughing light or sad sympathy as they showed the change of her mood. Her features were delicate, her complexion pure, and her hair brown, with a waving luxuriance round the broad white forehead, and falling in long curls over her shoulders. As she sat that bright winter's day, her chin resting in the hollow of her small white hand, her sweet, earnest face so full of light, she was very fair and pleasant to look upon.

"Dreaming?" And the intruder, a sparkling brunette of nineteen, came close beside Meta, and threw herself upon a low stool at her feet.

"I believe I was," said Meta, as she let her eyes rest lovingly upon the bright face raised to hers. "I am afraid I must confess that I have been building an unlimited amount of castles in the air, alternating this amusement with spasmodic fits of intense astonishment."

"You tantalizing little goose tell me all about it."

"Elliot Howard has asked me to be his wife."

"Of course he has. I'm furiously jealous, but I saw that my hopes in that quarter were blasted long ago."

"Dear Rosa, how can you be so absurd."

"Listen to her! After smothering my flame under the ashes of despair and disinterested affection; after allowing every facility to the shocking monster who had the bad taste to prefer five feet four to five feet eight, brown hair to black, and Strauss' waltzes to the Anvil Chorus, I am rewarded by the ungrateful object of my solicitude by being called absurd."

"Rosa!"

"There's pathos. It is perfectly useless for you to put on that imploring expression. I'm an injured individual, and will cry out. Haven't I gone to the piano and nearly banged the poor thing to pieces six evenings out of seven that somebody's low voice might be heard by one ear only—"

"I've got two," cried Meta, laughing at last. "Oh, Rosa! I'm the happiest little woman in the world."

"Because you've got two ears," asked the saucy tease. "There, I won't. You know how pleased I am, now tell me all about it."

"There is but little to tell. But, Rosa, how he ever came to fall in love with poor little me will be ever a mystery. With his fortune and talents, his handsome face and winning address he might have wooed a queen—ay, and won her, too."

"But his good sense led him to woo the dearest, gentlest, sweetest—"

And here a soft little hand fell upon Rosa's mouth to stop the adjectives.

"I am poor, plain and common-place, he rich, handsome, and standing high in his profession; yet," and the grey eyes moistened, "it will be very sweet to owe everything to his love, to feel that he has sought me even in my insignificance, to take me to his home and heart, for I know he loves me."

"And I know you love him," said Rosa.

"Why should I blush to own it. Were the positions reversed how proudly would I do for him what he will do for me."

"The tea bell!" cried Rosa, springing to her feet. "It is opera to-night, and we are not dressed;" and while she flies off to twist scarlet ribbons in her jetty braids, I will tell you who these two loving confidantes are.

Meta Carleton is an orphan, who has been from her infancy the adopted daughter of her father's brother. With four beautiful cousins, belles in the circles of society, Meta's girlhood had been passed with an exaggerated idea of her own personal deficiencies, and she had sought comfort for her supposed inferiority to the brilliant brunettes by striving to deserve the warm home-love that was poured out so lavishly upon her. Her cousin Will, the only son in the family, declared that Meta was the only girl in the house whose head was not filled with ball dresses and beaux, and petted her with all a fond brother's affection. She had never felt the want of a mother's care or a father's love, yet she knew that her uncle's wealth was for the cousins, and that she was a dependant, loved and caressed, as dear as the daughters of the house, but still without fortune, and she humbly thought unattractive. So as three of her cousins, one after the other, left their father's house to preside over handsome establishments of their own, she drearily looked forward to a life of single-blessedness (?) and a lonely old age. And on this dream came the wakening to find herself beloved by Elliot Howard, the young lawyer, whose beauty and talents were only rivalled by his wealth and popularity. So, underneath her warm true love, ran a strong current of gratitude and wonder.

Shift the scene, and we are in Elliot Howard's office. It is the hour when the grey twilight is gathering all sunshine under her heavy mantle, and in the cosy room there is no light but the ruddy glow of the coals on an open grate. The tall, handsome owner of the apartment is walking slowly up and down, now bringing his classic profile and great black eyes into the full blaze of the firelight, now vanishing into the deep corner shadows; and his thoughts as he walks shape themselves something in this wise.

"Does she love me? Does she give me from the depths of her heart such a love as I crave? I am rich, handsome and courted," (a man is very frank when he himself is his only audience,) "she is poor, though lovely and winning. If I were to lose fortune or fame, become disfigured or crippled, would she still love me? It is so hard to give all, and find no return, to lay my heart at a woman's feet and find she loves only my position or money."

And so you see his character. Full of good impulses, brave and true, yet morbidly sensitive, distrustful, and suspicious. In the light of the pure true eyes of her he loved, all doubt vanished, and he read her sincerity in every tone and look;—away from her, tormented with doubt, distrustful and wretched.

So the months glided on, and as the spring opened fair and beautiful, the heavy cloud of treason settled down over the land. When the cannons of Sumter roused America from her sleep of fancied security, and the starry flag of Liberty drooped in the poisoned air of rebellion, the President's call for troops woke every loyal heart. When the answer came from the desk and plough, the workshop and office, the hut and the stately mansion, when all rank was forgotten, and the millionaire marched shoulder to shoulder with the cobbler, then came too the parting of these lovers I have tried to describe.

There was a proud weeping group in Dr. Carleton's parlor, as the day glided on that bore from them their young heroes. The tall figures of Elliot Howard and William Carleton never looked nobler than when they donned the gray overcoats and shouldered the muskets of the "Guard," and the visor of the fatigue cap, shaded faces as full of high resolve and pure patriotism, as they were of manly beauty.

"If I die, Meta—"

They had stolen apart as the mother, father and sister closed in a group round William. She raised her pure eyes to his face, filled with noble courage, heavy with womanly tenderness.

"Elliot, you know, none knows better, that in bidding you go, I give to my country the most precious gift God has ever given me. If you fall—no, no, I will not weep, to send you forth with an aching heart. God guard you, Elliot—there are some possibilities I dare not foresee."

He drew her closely to him, in a long silent embrace, then that haunting demon of distrust prompted him to speak again.

"If I return crippled, maimed and disfigured, Meta—will you love me then?"

The look she gave him made his cheek burn with shame; it was so full of wonder and pain, yet withal so loving.

"Don't answer, forgive me," he said, hoarsely, "I have not deserved such love, Meta—some day I will tell you why."

"Elliot!"

William tried to make the call cheerful, but his old clear tones were now husky as he held his mother's hand and looked in his father's face.

There!—let it pass. There is scarcely a home in our once happy land, where the memory of the household does not linger on such a scene. If the young men were silent for many squares, as they walked rapidly down the street, and if their lips trembled when their eyes met at last, they were none the less brave soldiers and true patriots for that.

There are terror and pain, grief and the agony of suspense, in Dr. Carleton's house when we again look in upon it. The first battle at Bull Run has been fought, and in every soldier's home sick hearts wait for news. Three days, three long weary days, and neither of the loved have written, or sent one word of cheer.

Rosa and Meta were in the drawing-room, their pale faces and heavy eyes showing how their hearts sickened, when the letter came.

"Mine, Rosa, mine," cried Meta, tearing it open—"both alive! both!"

Rosa ran to call her mother, and Meta read on. The letter was from Elliot, and written in a hurried, cramped hand, and as she read, the pale cheeks grew paler, though an infinite depth of tenderness came into the expressive eyes.

"Can he doubt me!" she whispered softly.

"Aunt Martha," she said, aloud, crossing the room quickly to meet her aunt, "Will is alive and unhurt. He will be home soon, the three months are nearly over, but only, he says, to re-enlist under the old flag again."

"And Elliot?"

Spite of her efforts the sweet voice would quiver as she answered.

"Wounded, but not dangerously. A shell explosion has made his leg stiff, and deprived him of the use of one eye. He writes that he is disfigured—but does not suffer much, and hopes to return with William—but—but—oh, Aunt Martha, how can he be so cruel!"

The passion of tears would have its way, and putting the letter in her aunt's hands, she ran away to weep out the pain of her wounded heart.

It was a cruel letter. Without one soothing word the dire detail of wounds was given, and then coldly and harshly followed an offer to release the loving heart from its engagement, if she had ceased to feel any affection for a disfigured cripple. Aunt Martha and Rosa had a very pretty indignation meeting over it, and then Rosa went to comfort her cousin.

Not many days later, in the cosy office that I have already mentioned, William Carlton and Elliot Howard, were preparing to go to the home of the former. It was a dire stretch of friendship that kept Will so long from the eager arms he knew were waiting to embrace him, but he bore the trial as patiently as he could. True, he balanced himself first on one foot and then on the other, while his fingers beat a tattoo on his knapsack, which lay on the table before him. Now and then a low whistle would break from his lips. At last his impatience broke forth.

"That will do. For pity's sake, Howard, have some compassion on a fellow's patience. Your black band over the eye, edged by that villainous bandage, makes you as ugly as your heart can desire, and you limp like a veteran. Elliot Howard—"

His tone changed suddenly from one of laughing raillery to a deep, solemn note of warning, and he placed both hands on his companion's shoulders, and looked into his eyes—

"Give up this mad scheme."

"Do you fear she will not stand the test?"

"Has not that letter, full of such warm sympathy and love, assured you that she will—she does?"

"But she has not seen me. You are afraid she will not bear the trial.

"If she does not scorn you, it is more than you deserve. Stare if you will, I am in earnest now. I have looked upon this too carelessly, as a school-boy freak, but that letter set me to thinking. This mad scheme will end in the total loss of my cousin's affections.

"Let me have my own way still, Will—you know that there is an excess of sensibility in my heart—"

"That is leading you to misery."

"No—that points to future happiness. Before we are married, let me prove that Meta will not change, even if I become the poor disfigured cripple I now appear."

"You know she loves you."

"But upon what is her love founded."

"Her own pure heart, I fear, more than your merit. It is useless to frown—I am in down-right earnest. Poor Meta, how will her loving heart ever bear this calculating jealousy."

"I am not jealous. I ask but this—the assurance that I am loved for myself alone; that were I poor, crippled and obscure, she would still love me, even if the hearts of pre-eminently gifted men lay at her feet."

"You are modest in your requirements. Loved for yourself alone; what is yourself—does not your birth, talents, education, and good looks compose this precious self you are so anxious about."

"Let me have my own way now, Will, and you may read me fifty lectures a day, after my mind is once settled on this point."

"Well, well! let it be! Are you ready? You are hideous enough to gratify your most ardent desires."

With one parting look at the mirror, Elliot announced his readiness to depart, and the couple strode rapidly down the street. Not until they were fairly in the house, did Elliot walk with the limp of a stiff leg, but as he entered the drawing-room, where William was already in his mother's arms, he dragged his left foot painfully, while his one eye wandered round the room in search of Meta.

It was not coldness that made her step so slow, as she crossed the long room to meet him, but the desperate struggle for calmness. All her heart cried out with pain as she saw his altered face and gait, and the deathly sickness of her first look was followed by such an intense desire to fling herself in his arms and sob out her sympathy, that her whole nature was roused to keep down the hysterical outbreak. So the pale face was almost stern in its resolution, as with slow steps she came to meet him. He, in his mean suspicion, read only hesitation and waning love in her lagging step and rigid face.

With a long, deep sigh, he sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Quick as a lightning flash, her feet bore her now to his side, to kneel down beside his low seat, and draw away the protecting hands.

"Elliot! Elliot, my own love!" Thank God you have come home to me!" Low, almost whispering, yet the voice thrilled through him like a bugle call.

He clasped her in his arms tightly.

"You came so slowly," he said.

"Can you not guess my pain," she said, softly. "You are so altered."

His arms relaxed.

"It must be my care to bring back your smiles, if not your health," she whispered.

"You still love me, then."

"Will you always doubt me?" Then smiling, as she saw the shade on his face, she added, "You are dearer to me now, wounded in the glorious cause for which you fought, than you ever were in the full strength of your manhood; you are my hero."

Shamed by her devotion, he looked into her earnest, sweet face for a moment, and then gently putting her aside, he crossed the room, to where Will stood, the centre of a loving group. Unheeding the pitying faces and kindly looks of the family, he said, hoarsely, pointing to Meta,

"Tell her, Will! I cannot."

Dreading some new trouble, pale and trembling, Meta obeyed her cousin's look and extended hands.

"No word of welcome, Meta," he said gayly. "Are all your smiles and kisses for Elliot."

"You know how glad I am, Will," she said, warmly, "it was only the—the—"

"Yes, I know."

And then, pitying her pale face and evident distress, Will told her how the man she loved had played with her confidence; how to test her love, he had feigned wounds the rebel bullets had never inflicted; how cruelly he had tried her to gratify his own vanity, soothe his own mean suspicions, and tearing off the ribbon and handkerchief, he showed the two eyes looking penitently at Meta. Rosa would have laughed at the hoax as a good masquerade, but one look at her cousin's face stilled the merriment.

Meta did not faint or scream. A deathly whiteness gathered about her lips, and her eyes blazed with scornful light. She drew her slight figure erect, and her voice fell low, yet clear and cold as hail drops, on Elliot's ear.

"If you meant this to be our final meeting, Mr. Howard, your utmost desires will be met. I have given you as pure and trusting a love as ever dwelt in a woman's heart; you offer me a cold, calculating affection, warped by jealous doubts. Stay!"—for he sprang toward her, and her tone grew more haughty as she waved him back. "Instead of returning to me, after a parting full of pain, an absence of torturing suspense and anxiety, with joy at your safe return, and eagerness to still my terrors, you sneak home, to tear my heart by feigned suffering, and test my affection by a masquerade as unworthy of a Christian soldier as it is of an honorable lover. You have proved that you neither love nor trust me; and I thank Heaven my eyes are opened before my whole life's happiness was perilled by our marriage."

Drawing the engagement ring from her finger she laid it in his hand, and before he could stop her she was gone from the room. It was in vain that he tried to alter her resolution by pleading letters and messages imploring one more interview. The pure, true heart he had so outraged and insulted, was roused to the keenest womanly indignation, the scornful utterance of which had ruined his hopes and torn away the plausible cloak from his mean suspicions. So after convincing himself that her resolution was not to be broken, he returned with his regiment to the seat of war, not as before, in the ranks, but wearing upon his shoulders the straps of a first lieutenant. William Carleton stood second lieutenant in the same company, and the war now threatening to be lasting, Dr. Carleton too joined the regiment as surgeon. So the three women stayed at home to grow pale over every newsboy's cry, to wake at night with a nameless horror pressing on their hearts, and to bend over the sewing that would clothe some mother's son in the weary campaign opening its dark vista before them. Slowly the round of daily duties drew the weary weeks to closing, and patiently the fingers stitched on. Rosa's marriage to a gentleman who had long ago won her heart brought the doctor and William home on a short furlough, and then the monotonous life recommenced, unbroken now by her attempts at cheerfulness.

The summons came at length that roused these loving hearts from their ceaseless work and watching. Dr. Carleton had been appointed to the charge of a large military hospital in B——, and he wrote:—

"My dear Martha:—

"Drop your knitting-needles, pack up every stitch of hospital clothing you can collect from the Aid you have been sewing for, put on your bonnet and shawl, and take the next train to come to me. For three days and nights I have not had more than two hours rest, and I need you to manage the hospital—I—God help us—cannot leave the operating-room. Come, as you love your country, or pity our poor soldiers—come!

"RODOLPH CARLETON.

"P. S. We need everything."

Two hours after the letter arrived Meta came in flushed and excited with the stores she had collected. From church societies, private houses, and schools the supplies poured in, till three immense trunks, full almost to bursting, stood corded in the hall. Then Aunt Martha went for the bonnet and shawl.

"Why, Meta, here are all your clothes with mine in the trunk. Are you crazy, child?"

"I am going with you."

The good lady stood aghast. All her old-fashioned ideas of propriety were on guard, and with them marched an army of anxieties about the house being left alone, and so on, and so on.

"Going with me!"

"Aunt Martha," and Meta stood erect and terribly earnest before her aunt; "let me go. I shall die here alone. All gone, and only memory left to people the house. I cannot sew for ever, and—oh, Aunt Martha, let me be doing some good to still this aching at my heart—I have torn out my love to appease my pride, and it has come back stronger than ever. I can never marry Elliot Howard, for he doubts me, and has treated me cruelly, but I love him—I love him!"

"But, Meta—"

"Let me go, Aunt Martha!"

"But what will folks say?"

"They can only say that I have gone, as hundreds of others have gone, to nurse the wounded. You are with me—what *can* they say?"

It took more pleading than this to win her aunt's consent, but at last Meta gained her point. Not a train was missed, and before nightfall the two women were whirling southward as fast as steam could take them.

What tongue can tell, what pen write the scenes they met? The last great battle had filled every bed in the rough impromptu hospital, into which the wounded were crowded, and they lay on the bare floor so closely that one shuddered in passing by for fear the foot would fall unknowing on some mangled form. There were days and nights of nursing such as the heart faints to imagine. Days filled with anxious work that could not reach but so few of the sufferers, nights when the dark room hid away from were those anxious eyes the death struggle. Together all day, sharing the night watches between them, these two noble women worked faithfully at their appointed task.

The soul might sicken, the heart grow faint over the scenes of sorrow on every side, but when the strong gripe of a dying man held the hand that could not save but only sympathize, then the faculties braced themselves, and the pale faces grew beautiful as they bent over rough soldiers to speak the words of Truth and Hope that soothed the dying hour. The soft, fair hand that could not bring healing, yet told of home and love, and carried memory back to happier hours as it fell softly on the brow knotted with pain, or with tender light touch dressed the quivering wounds. One day a prayer followed those gentle forms, from lips that were but little accustomed to speak such words. Dr. Carleton blessed the hour that sent Meta with her aunt. The ready hand, the quiet step and gentle tones of his niece, were as precious to him as to his patients, and Aunt Martha was quite eloquent as she enlarged upon the "what on earth she ever should have done without that dear child!"

My story draws to a close, yet my pen would fain linger here. The dreadful days were over, and the wounded growing convalescent, when one morning the report of a skirmish reached the hospital, and the ambulances started for their sad freight. The —— regiment had been engaged, and while Aunt Martha waited with strained eyes and pale lips for news of her only son, Meta looked as anxiously for tidings from Elliot.

Over the hill the cavalcade came on, and the first sight that met the mother's eye was her son's tall figure as he directed the movements of the mournful procession. There was no time for more than a grasp of the hand before all were at work. Suddenly William's eye grew dark and his voice sharp as he caught sight of a pale face at the end of the long ward.

"Meta! Meta here—I must run. Too late! She has seen him!"

Seen him as he lay helpless and unconscious on the stretcher at her feet. All the proud glory of manhood struck out from the pallid face; the torn, bloody uniform, the shattered, useless arm, and bleeding breast, telling of bravery and daring, of a crippled and painful future.

"Elliot! Elliot!"

Where was the old scorn, the bitter anger? Gone, before the woe of such a sight as this. It needed not her cousin's tale of his weary repentance, and humble change of feeling, to rouse her sympathy. Her hand held the bandage that bound up the stump that was all left of the strong right arm she had once hoped would be thrust between her and all danger. Her hand bathed the pale face till the faint red returned to the white lips; her hand smoothed and made ready the mattress that waited for his form, and her hand prepared the drink that was to stimulate his dying pulse. And when she was called to other sufferers, her cousin took his place by the bed, to minister to the wounded Lieutenant. There were days of strong delirium, when the weakened voice strove madly to give the wonted word of command, and the struggling form fought vainly against the bandages and ligaments. Then came the fierce fever, scorching the life current, and driving the heated blood swiftly through the veins, to mount to the brain, and there spend itself in delirious agony. At last the crisis came, and the pale little nurse, weary with anxious watching, her sad face set with pain and suspense, stood by her uncle's side as he counted the pulse throbs, and scanned the sleeping face, from which the fever flush had faded out. The large eyes opened, with a wild look of terror, to see the kindly, familiar face of an old friend, and Elliot's lips parted in a faint smile of recognition.

"You are better, my boy," said the doctor, kindly.

"Yes—better!" he gasped, faintly.

"Do not talk. Make him keep very quiet, Meta."

Meta—how quickly the eyes followed the doctor's glance. He did not see the looks that were following her from the pallets near and far. He only saw the loved face that had flashed so scornfully upon him when they parted, now bent over him full of gentleness and pity.

"Meta!" he gasped—"forgive—I—"

"Hush, hush, my own one," she said, so softly that no ear but his caught the sound, "all is forgiven!"

It was still many weeks before the young officer could leave the rude hospital; but in his journey home, and the days of weariness and fatigue that followed it, his wife's arm was his support, her voice his comfort. He has given his strong, right arm for his country, and has found his humility, his love, and his reward.

"ON THE MOVE."

Farmer Barr of Dalton More
Has a busy stir about his door—
Fragments of packing, and scattered hay,
And wagons laden with household store,
Yoked and ready to drive away.

Full of importance and prudent care,
The farmer is busy everywhere,
Seeing that none are late or slow,
That what is left be right and square,
That nothing be left that ought to go.

But the farmer's wife of Dalton More,
Her face is sad, her heart is sore,
For she leaves the grave on the lonely hill,
The little grave so cold and still,
And she weeps as she leaves the door.

DANGEROUS PLEASURES.—I have sat upon the seashore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with His hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—*Basil Montague.*

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.—"I must confess," says Baxter, "that the expectation of loving my friends in Heaven, principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know, and consequently never love them after this life, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those who are dead, or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in Heaven, and love them with a heavenly love."

LOST AND WON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"I'll learn the new song, Mr. Haughton,
And sing it the next time you call.
Did you speak, Mr. Lee? Mr. Lawton,
Excuse me. Good-evening to all!
Well, they've gone! Every one! How much longer
I wonder could I have sat there,
With this pain in my breast growing stronger.
Is there anything left I can bear?

"How could they, *how could they* have told me!
Frank Lawton at least might have known
I had nothing but pride to uphold me.
Did he think I was made out of stone—
To sit there and tell me 'my lover
Was wounded?' But what do I say?
'Twas a jest—he could never discover
I sent Walter Marshall away.

"But I did! When he told me he loved me,
I thought I would tease him awhile,
And so, though my conscience reproved me,
I put on a light, careless smile,
And pretended I didn't believe him.
Oh! Walter! my true hearted one!
I never intended to grieve him,—
I only just teased him for fun.

"He said he should shortly be going
To offer his country his life,
But he could not depart without knowing
If he ever might call me his wife.
His regiment left on the morrow—
He begged I would answer him there—
Did parting with him cause me sorrow.
'I was sure,' I said, 'I didn't care.'

"Didn't care! When my whole soul was swelling
With joy, as I stood by his side—
Warm tears to my eye-lids came welling
In a tumult of rapture and pride.
Mad folly! Without a word spoken
He left me. *I trifled too far!*
I thought my proud heart would have broken
The day he went off to the war.

"Oh, Walter! lost hero! If only
I stood by his side once again,
To comfort and cheer him when lonely,
Or soothe him in moments of pain—
I think I could die for the pleasure
Of knowing he loved me to-day.
Oh, Walter! my darling, my treasure!
Why, why did I cast you away?

"Who spoke in the hall? I am certain
That voice is familiar to me!
What shadow falls there on the curtain?
Oh, Heaven! what is it I see?
Is it Walter? Or is it his spirit
To tell me my soldier is dead?
I cannot, I dare not go near it—
My heart sinks within me with dread.

* * * *

"Oh, Walter! I surely am dreaming!
Do you think I am really awake?
Are the past and this moment but seeming,
And all I have felt for your sake?
I am trifling no longer, dear Walter,
And when Peace smiles over our land,
I will go with you then to the altar,
And follow my heart with my hand."

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

"Aleck!"

"Helen!"

In the agitation of the moment they forgot the more formal style of address they had employed towards each other of late. Their hands were joined, too, in a clasp altogether different from the cold, passive touch they were used to exchange at their infrequent meetings. When Helen would have withdrawn hers she found it held fast, nor was it released after Aleck had led her to a chair, and placed himself beside her. Her gaze of wondering confusion was answered by one so intense, so eloquent of love and compassion, that her heart thrilled, while she trembled with apprehension and suspense.

"My poor girl! I am the bearer of sad news to you!"

"Does it concern your brother?" There was not a particle of color in her cheek, and her eyes dilated, but she could still articulate the inquiry. "Is he ill? Is he *dead?*"

"Heaven forgive me for saying it! but I could wish that he had died before dishonoring himself so vilely!" exclaimed Aleck, passionately. "Helen! he has perjured himself—brought indelible disgrace upon his own head—upon his family—worst of all—dragged down shame and misery upon *you!*"

"No! no!" The girl's haughty spirit sprang to its arms. "Not shame! no mortal can do that while I retain my self-respect! As to misery—better so—a million times better, than if he had suspended his action for a few days or months! Now—let me hear all!"

"Can you bear it?" he asked, doubtfully, looking in unspoken admiration at the noble face, tintless yet, but pure and serene as a marble image of Peace.

"Yes! unless the reality far exceeds my imagination, and I do not think that it can."

"Robert left home this morning early, shortly after the receipt of a letter which was brought to him by one of Col. Floyd's servants—"

"Gabriel! Yes, I know!" she assented. "It was from me!"

"Indeed! I thought I recognized your cousin Lily's handwriting in the superscription."

"You were mistaken! I sent it."

Aleck went on.

"He ordered his horse at half-past nine that he might keep an appointment at ten. I suspected that it was in obedience to a summons from the writer of the letter, both from his behavior and the circumstance that he had not alluded to the engagement until after Gabriel's arrival. I was confirmed in my surmise by a brief conversation we held just at parting. He confessed that his expedition was not one that I would sanction; said he could not retreat from it with honor; entreated me to be charitable in my judgment of him, and hinted at a satisfactory solution of the mystery at some future day. From that hour to this he has not showed himself at home—but when I reached Greenfield at five o'clock, having spent the day at Maple Hill—this letter was handed to me by one of my own servants who had met Robert in the road about the middle of the afternoon."

She took it and attempted to read, but the characters were irregular and the lines blotted. The sheet had apparently been written upon in the utmost haste or agitation, and folded while the ink was yet wet. Aleck brought the candle and held it behind her shoulder while she deciphered it.

"Aleck—old boy! you will never let me call you brother again after you have read this, but it can't be helped! You have done your duty towards me, and the hardest struggle I have had in making up my mind was to conquer my fear of your displeasure. My resolution is taken! It was nailed fast to the mast by the perusal of the enclosed, which you saw delivered to me this morning. The last feather breaks the camel's back, and my feather was not a light one, as you will see. You will agree with me—or ought to—when you have studied this specimen of feminine composition—in the opinion that she who could write thus on the morning of her marriage-day was never designed by the Maker of matches to be my wife—never desired to be! She says in effect—'Be free if you long for freedom! Be happy with another if you love her better than you do me—and I am resigned—rather relieved, if the truth must be told!'

"I take her at her word. The direction of my flight I cannot reveal at present for obvious reasons. There are hot-brained fellows—Harvey Floyd for example—who would not scruple to chase me down, and pistol me for the slight offered the bride—that-is-not-to-be. I am not certain that you would not undertake the job yourself—you have such Roman notions of honor. I may say to you confidentially, however, that I am not without strong hopes that my journey will not be performed alone; that, at no remote stage of it, I shall be joined by a companion fairer and dearer to me than all the universe beside. I commit to you the awkward task of breaking to Miss Gardner and her family the intelligence of this trifling alteration in the programme of the play for this evening. Perhaps the easiest and safest way for you to accomplish this disagreeable but necessary business will be to forward her letter with this to Colonel Floyd. He is the most proper person to manage the affair. Shun an interview with him if you can. He has a high sense of what is due himself, and all of his blood. I should be sorry to have you embroiled in a quarrel with him on my account.

"The 'daring and self-possession' upon which Miss Gardner plumes herself will have abundant scope for display when the guests are convened to-night. I am not racked by fears lest her heart should sustain any serious fracture. Her pride may bleed a little, but depletion there will do her moral system good. My respects to her and best wishes for her welfare and happiness. May I trouble you to send to Rock's tavern for my horse? I shall have him left there until called for. If all goes well you shall hear from me again before long. Good-by! Love to Aunt Ruth. I hope her cake will not spoil for the want of mouths to eat it, although I suppose the second day's feast must be postponed.

"Believe me, ever, (whether you will allow it or no!) Your loving brother,

"ROBERT C. LAY."

"Can it be possible!" Helen let fall the letter as though it had defiled her fingers, and sat transfixed; the deep dye of offended delicacy, just anger and astonishment at its contents and the ungenerous animus of the writer, suffusing neck and temples. "Cruel! unjust! This insult, at least, he might have spared me!"

"You are only too lenient to him," said Aleck in stern wrath. "Like yourself I could not have credited the possibility of this baseness without the evidence furnished by that infamous communication. Yet I have seen very much that I considered reprehensible in his intercourse with Lily Colvert; have warned him, once and again, of the evil which might result from the intimacy. He had always a ready excuse or evasion wherewith to ward off my attack—and I believed him! He was wickedly weak—she, subtle—I, blind! This is the end!"

"It is!" Helen arose erect and calm. "I thank you for the gentleness—the true brotherly kindness with which you have discharged a trust that could not but be abhorrent to you. I am especially grateful that you did not accept the alternative of transferring the unpleasant duty to Col. Floyd."

"I did not entertain the suggestion for an instant. Here is your letter. You notice that he—Robert, I mean—says that it was sent for my perusal. I need not assure you that I have not read a line of it."

"I wish you had!" she said impulsively—then checking herself, a new flood of crimson bathed her face. She had recollected the confession embodied in the earlier portion of it.

"That is"—she resumed more composedly—"I would like to have you read certain parts. You would then see how faithfully I have striven to be guiltless in this matter, whatever may be my faults, and they are many—I am not habitually insincere. Will you oblige me?"

She proffered the open sheet, designating the top of the second page as the place where he should begin.

"I require no testimony beyond what I already have to convince me that your conduct in this lamentable affair has been irreproachable," replied Aleck, repelling the offer by a gesture.

"But I would have you acquit me intelligently. When the tale is trumpeted abroad—as it must be"—her lips were whiter in saying this—"as it must be, very soon, it will be a great satisfaction, the best comfort I can have, to know that there is one who, with a full knowledge of the case, from beginning to end, yet pronounces that I have tried, and tried hard, to do my duty; that I would have shielded Robert from reproach at the same time that I secured his happiness by a union with the woman he loved—(for I was sure that he *did* love Lily!)—have spared him the trouble of this flight, and myself the ignominy of being publicly rejected!" She turned her head aside, too proud to let him see how keen was the smart of the last thought, and still extended the letter in mute appeal. Aleck unclosed his lips to speak, then changing his mind, took the paper, with a bow of submission to her requirement.

"Robert! I charge you by every principle of truth, honor and manliness, to answer me one question!"

This was the heading of the paragraph to which she pointed, and he read the letter through from that adjuration to the close; with what sensations of pain, love, pity and marvel, his countenance, varied and marked as were the expressions that succeeded one another upon it, but feebly indicated.

"And this generosity he spurned! this angelic candor, this noble self-renunciation he could despise! could speak slightingly of conduct that should have moved him to worship!" broke forth Aleck, impetuously. "Helen! I cannot ask you to pardon him. The man who could sin thus grossly against the love and forbearance you have exhibited towards him, merits your scorn and the reprobation of the world!"

"Hush! hush! It is not the act, but his manner of freeing himself from the distasteful bonds, that I deplore. As he says, I offered him his freedom, and he took me at my word. Only"—the child-like, troubled look that he had seen before, when she alluded to the public scandal menacing her, came back—"will it be asking too great a favor of yourself and your aunt if I tell you that it will be an inestimable help to me to have you remain here this evening, and show that *his* friends are still mine? that they, having known me from my childhood, do not cast me off as an unworthy creature, whose heartlessness has forfeited their confidence? For you must recollect that the people who were invited to the—the wedding will come; that there is not time to send word to a single one of them. The invitations cannot be countermanded, and I *must* see them! the story must be told! He quotes correctly, you observe, when he alludes to my boast of 'daring and self-possession.' Had the event been what I proposed, and, for a time, expected, I think that he would have found these sufficient for his purpose and mine. As it is, the trial will be far greater!"

She faltered.

"Helen!"

She did not repulse him when he took her hand again. In this dark hour of mortification and perplexity, she had no other adviser; no other friend or comforter; and his tenderness of sympathy was inexpressibly sweet.

"Before I answer your question, let me entreat your indulgence while I unfold *my* plan of action; that which I conceived and matured while coming to you to-night. It is a kindred idea to that which I find sketched in your letter, recommended by you for another's adoption. The coincidence is an encouragement to me to proceed. Will you bear with me if it offends you? You will not shrink from me in horror and loathing?"

"Certainly not!"

She gazed at him in unsuspecting wonderment. The earnestness of his imploring tone; the anxiety with which he hung upon her look and reply, were more of a mystery than his words. Seeing that he hesitated to go on, she added gently, almost affectionately, "whatever may be my opinion as to the propriety of adopting and acting upon this unknown 'plan,' I should be unjust and unkind were I to resent your goodness in presenting it. I have known you too well and too long to impute to you unworthy motives. You could not propose anything that would involve the sacrifice of truth or honor, however distasteful its terms might be to me."

"Ah! there is the fear!" He groaned in bowing his head upon his hands.

She laid one of hers on his arm.

"Aleck! will you not be frank with me? Is this a time for mistaken delicacy—false scruples? This should be an honest hour with us both. Will you not tell me what it is that you desire to say? It is your old friend and playfellow, Helen, who asks this of you!"

"I will be a man! will brave everything!" He started from his dejected attitude. "At the risk of debasing myself in your eyes to the level of a selfish, unfeeling monster, who would take advantage of your distress to win his own ends, I will speak! Helen! I have loved you all my life!—loved you more than I ever have done anything else on earth! I thought I had made you understand the nature and aim of this affection before I went abroad. Fervent as was my devotion, I had yet the manliness and justice not to bind you by a formal pledge. While absent, I dared to think and dream of you as my own—mine only;—to anticipate a future spent with you as a fair and probable prospect. I returned to find you betrothed to my brother. What I suffered; what I have resigned; what concealed under what must have seemed to you a heartless and repulsive exterior, I have not strength or time to tell you now. I do not offer my love—unabated and unconquerable, after all my battlings with it—as a solace for the pain inflicted by the desertion of your betrothed. But I do tender you my name and my hand as a shield against calumny and insult; ask the privilege of protecting you in this hour of isolation and perplexity. I exact nothing in return save that which you have but this moment informed me is already mine, your friendship and confidence. If you will marry me to-night as my brother's substitute, I pledge you my solemn word that no unreasonable or ungenerous demands on my part shall ever cause you to regret the act."

He delivered this extraordinary proposal in a hard, almost fiercely abrupt fashion, the result of overpowering emotion he tried ineffectually to suppress into the collected, moderate show of earnestness he had resolved upon. He did not look at her as he brought the speech to a close. Would she flee his presence as from a moral leper? Would she strike him dead with imperial scorn?

For a whole minute there was a profound stillness throughout the room, except for the quick fluttering pants from the figure at his side. Had his audacity taken from her the power of utterance! Then she spoke—very softly, very musically to his excited senses, that had shrunk in dread of accents so different.

"I thought that you were betrothed to a lady in Germany. They—your aunt and brother, told me so—last summer!"

Aleck made an impatient movement.

"That absurd fiction again! I never loved her—never thought of betrothal to any woman besides yourself; have never breathed a word of affection to any other, at home or abroad. The letter from which my aunt deduced her preposterous conclusion was, as anybody but herself could have seen, a foolish, barefaced hoax, from beginning to end. I have told her this, since my return, and undeceived Robert also. Could I be so base as to offer you a hand upon which another had a lien?"

Still he did not look towards her. If he had, he must have been at a loss how to interpret the warmer blush that slowly mantled her cheek; the fervid, yet tender sparkle of the eye.

She reopened the letter to Robert. He heard the rustle, in wondering impatience. What had they to do with that part of the question, now?

"I cannot give you a reply until you have read the first page of this."

She could hardly have enjoined a more irksome task; but he obeyed her behest instantly and without a remonstrance. His mind was not in a condition to be easily receptive of hope, or he might have drawn all the encouragement the most ardent suitor could have desired from the cautiously-worded confession; would not have looked or spoken with such mournful firmness, as he ceased reading.

"I do not love you more hopelessly now, than I have done, *from* the moment I heard of your engagement to my brother. You say in this letter that a union with him whom *you* first loved, is forever impossible; that you have only half a heart to bestow upon any man who shall hereafter seek your favor. If I am personally disagreeable to you; if my presence will annoy or displease you, instead of being a comfort, I withdraw my suit. Otherwise—unless, indeed, I can bring about a reunion between yourself and your early love—"

"You do not ask who it was?"

"Nor ever shall! It is your secret—yours alone!"

"But what if I insist upon telling you?"

He gazed at her now—but in unspeakable amaze. What was the meaning of the playful, yet shy intonation, that impressed even his infidel perceptions—incredulous to whatever seemed to bode happiness and success to himself? Stranger still—the smile in his bewildered face—a smile radiant as Heaven's own light.

"We have both 'played too long with edge-tools,' dear Aleck! Suppose we abandon the dangerous trifling, and take to truth-telling for the remainder of our lives! I will set the example, by revealing to you the 'dear, fatal name' of him who long ago gained my whole, undivided heart; whose suppose desertion drove me to the mad, wicked step of engaging myself to another—shall I?"

"If you will!"

He articulated the monosyllables with difficulty in the tumult that possessed his soul.

"Bow your tall head, then. I cannot say it aloud."

Still mystified, doubting, fearing—anything but hoping, he bent his head to her lips. They breathed one word in his ear.

Had Colonel Floyd or his devoted servitor and imitator Rocks, chanced to pass through this retired portion of the grounds, just then, upon his nightly patrol, and glanced into the low window, he would have beheld an unexpected and highly interesting scene; one which might possibly have awakened sensations the reverse of delightful in the bosom of the unseen spy.

But it happened instead, that this select and exemplary body of police was, at that important instant, engaged about other business, the nature of which shall be briefly explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

Sally "had the fidgets"—a description of fit, that became more violent with every added minute of her mistress's absence. In the adjacent chamber—dedicated to the toilette services of three of the six bridesmaids, she could hear the confused clamor of busy tongues, the patter of slippered feet, and frequent outbursts of such mutual admiration as girls are prone to indulge, to their own and one another's delectation, all denoting the forward march of preparations for the great event of the evening. Bells were rung from divers other apartments—upon first, second, and third stories; there was continual rushing up and down stairs, and through entries, of valets, butlers, and ladies' maids, each on the run, and all equally regardless of the danger of collisions, already several carriages had rolled around the drive in front of the mansion and discharged their freight of unnecessarily—punctual revellers—mostly relatives and intimate friends of the family, who liked to preface the public proceedings by a little social talk. Yet she—in whose honor all this commotion was raised; the star actress of the promised performance,—without whom the play would, in fact, be a remediless wreck and a disgrace to all concerned in its announcement and management—was still dallying away the fleeting, priceless moments in love-talk that could be as well, if not better attended to after the ceremony.

"There is a season for everything!" muttered the tiring-woman, distractedly, shaking out the satin robe and lace veil for the twentieth time. "And this isn't the time for no such boy-and-girl play as they're carrying on!"

Sally was in love herself, and as a consequence, extremly lenient to the delinquencies of others similarly situated, if said derelictions had Cupid's warrant for their apology; but there was a point beyond which delay became inexcusably negligence, and this she considered, and it must be owned, with just provocation, that the bride was fast nearing. She went into the hall repeatedly, and listened over the balustrades for the returning feet of her charge, the increasing tumult of arrival and reception below, meanwhile, aggravating her inquietude to the verge of frenzy; once she stole down-stairs and into the dark passage conducting to the office-door—went near enough to that uninviting room, now consecrated as the chosen retreat of Love, to hear the low murmur of earnest voices; finally she resolved to sit down in desperate resignation by the fire in the bridal chamber, and "not budge one single inch again, until Miss Helen saw fit to show herself—no! not if she had to wait there until midnight!"

Her waiting—albeit it was the reverse of "patient," had its reward shortly after she had taken this sensible resolution. A light footstep, her ears were quick to recognize, skimmed the floor of the hall, stopped at the door, and the long-looked for personage appeared.

"Sally, my good child! I have kept you waiting a tedious time, I suppose, but there is no haste—none whatever!"

"It's a quarter past seven!" responded Sally, not too amiably.

Generally the most docile and respectful of handmaidens, she yet availed herself occasionally, of the privilege earned by years of faithful service, to lecture her young mistress.

"I know that, but the—ceremony will not take place for an hour or more yet."

She had sunk into the chair before the mirror, and spoke breathlessly. This might have been the effect of her haste in climbing the stairs and her rapid flight through the passages, to avoid being seen abroad at this unseasonable hour, but the sparkling eyes and glowing complexion could hardly have been induced by these influences. Resting her chin in her palm, and her elbow upon the dressing-table, she remained for some minutes, apparently lost in [illegible] found, yet agitating. Her lip trembled while it smiled; the fire in the eye [illegible] a soft haze;—even to Sally's [illegible] sight, her aspect was [illegible] by the emotions that [illegible] piness. Then, a [illegible] more lovely grew [illegible] gravity, that [illegible] upward glance told [illegible] to yet more exalted [illegible] tion.

She turned kindly to her attendant.

"Sally! I should like to be alone for a little while. Do not be uneasy. I will be ready in season."

"Just as you say, ma'am."

Unwilling to submit to further procrastination of the momentous business yet to be performed, but awed into implicit obedience of action by her mistress's look and manner, the maid withdrew.

Helen's chamber was upon the second floor of the main building, which formed the central pile of the large and irregularly-constructed old homestead, and access was had to this, not only by the wide front staircase, but also by a steeper winding flight, leading down to the back door. Sally was near the head of these, on the alert for the summons to her post of duty, when her attention was distracted by the rumble of wheels. This was now a frequent, almost an incessant sound, but the vehicle to which these belonged, drove around the right wing of the house, where there was no carriage way over the lawn, and stopped at the rear porch. The listener stretched her head over the railing, with the curiosity characteristic of her class, to obtain a view of the back entrance. What or who was to be introduced into the mansion at such a time, and in this unusual way?

Col. Floyd pushed the door open from without. He was arrayed in overcoat and hat, and carried in one hand his inevitable riding-whip. The other grasped, and, it would seem, not very tenderly, the arm of a lady, muffled in a large cloak and drooping hood.

"Good Fathers, Miss Lily!" ejaculated the astonished Sally, under her breath. "I thought she was sick in bed!"

Behind the supposed invalid cowered the confidential Abigail, Sylvia. She bore a bandbox in her arms, and her mulatto complexion was the hue of ashes with fear. The group was completed by her husband, the family coachman, who brought in a small travelling trunk, apparently from the conveyance standing without.

"Up! that way!" The Colonel thrust Lily upon the lower stair,—"and you had better rig yourself in your finery in double quick time, or I will be along to hurry your smart waiting maid here!" He lent Sylvia a cut across the shoulders with his whip, by way of further admonition. "I flatter myself that I have spoiled your fun for this night, and the next time you undertake an elopement, look out that I am not at your heels. Leave that trunk there, you scoundrel!" pointing to a corner of the entry. "I take it for granted that there is no bridesmaid gear in that, and she has changed her mind about playing bride, for the present."

Lily had now gained the top of the steps, leaning heavily upon her maid, and Sally had retreated to a dark corner, not too distant to prevent her from seeing and hearing all that transpired. Finding that her uncle had not ascended behind her, the poor fugitive stopped and fell back, rather than rested against the wall, as one half dead with fatigue or fright.

Sylvia urged her, in a frightened whisper, to go on to her chamber.

"I cannot yet! I am so faint!" sobbed the trembling girl, pressing her hand to her heart. "What will become of me? Oh! what shall we do?"

Low as were her accents, the sound reached the savage warder below.

"Are you there still?" He came part of the way up to catch sight of the laggards. "If you want more of my help, you have only to say so, and it is at your service."

The terrified women hurried down a side passage in the direction of Lily's room, and at that instant, Sally heard her mistress's bell, and made good her escape.

Helen's pre-occupation of mind prevented her from remarking the queer looks and behavior of her assistant. Apart from the revolution in her position and feelings, there was much that required her most serious mediation; an imperative necessity for self-command, and ingenuity of speech and conduct. The Court House, the universal name applied to the shire-town of each county in the Southern states—was but three miles from Belleview, and the County Clerk, to whom application must be made for a marriage license, resided near his office in that village. There would be no difficulty in obtaining this, both the parties to the contract being of age, yet Aleck had deemed it best to take into his confidence, and secure as a companion in his nocturnal gallop, Harry Floyd, a second cousin of the Colonel's, and [illegible] Helen herself. He was a merry rattle of a fellow, kind-hearted as quick witted, and was to have officiated as second groomsman, according to the original arrangement of the bridal train.

This gentleman, on being summoned from his dressing-room to receive the astounding news of a change of bridegrooms, "supposed," when the shock of the communication had passed off—"that it was all right—indeed it was a capital joke—the boldest and cleverest thing he had ever heard of—this having hoaxed a whole community, the wedding-party included—up to the very last moment! He would relish amazingly carrying out the matter in good style. A splendid Christmas trick!" and he laughed until the mouldy walls of the office threatened to come down about his ears.

This was after Helen had left the two young men together, but she conjectured that his co-operation was obtained without much difficulty, from the fact that she heard the clatter of their horses' hoofs down the road in less than ten minutes from the time of her parting from them. Harvey was to ride directly back to Belleview, so soon as the license was granted; Aleck would return by way of Greenfield and bring Miss Ruth with him. Let them use what speed and diligence they might, there would still be a delay of considerable length in the solemnization of the marriage, and thus it was Helen's object to make as little noticeable as possible. By way of beginning, she must confide that to Sally which no one else—not the bridesmaids themselves, were to learn until the final moment. She was explicit, but brief in her narrative to the petrified tire-woman. She—Helen Gardner—was to marry Mr. Alexander Ley, and not his brother, as was commonly supposed, but the secret was not to be divulged as yet to any other person. Least of all, must Colonel Floyd or any member of his family receive the slightest intimation that could lead to the discovery of the plot. Certain preparations would detain Mr Ley for an hour, perhaps more, beyond the time set for the marriage, and to escape unpleasant comments upon his tardiness, the bride's toilette must not be complete until nearly nine o'clock.

It appeared doubtful, for awhile, whether Sally would ever again be equal to the functions of her office,—so staggered was she by the intelligence, coming, as it did, before she had entirely rallied from the effect produced by the discovery of Lily's escapade and capture. Helen laughed merrily at her bewilderment—so heartily, that Sally smiled in real pleasure.

"I have not heard you give a laugh like that in ever so many months, Miss Helen. It does my heart good to hear it; it sounds so like old times!"

"I have not been so happy for a long time, Sally. There have been painful misunderstandings that are now cleared away," was the response, sincere and simple.

She never imparted to any one else a more circumstantial account of the dark days of her life, and the sudden burst of sunshine following them.

Below, the apartments appropriated to the use of the company were filling fast, and until some officious individual had the bad taste to discover, and was guilty of the ill behaviour of promulgating the intelligence that it wanted a quarter of nine o'clock, and no bridegroom had yet arrived, everything went blithely enough. Colonel Floyd was a conspicuous figure in the sight of every one that entered. He was dressed with extreme neatness and elegance, and his commanding stature and stately grace of bearing, recalled to many of the elder guests the memory of his most palmy days, when no other resident of the region could vie with him in manly beauty and deportment. He had deteriorated since, and, by his evil courses, had latterly lost much of the prestige given him by this earlier reputation, and his family rank; but, to-night, he upheld the dignity of the Floyd escutcheon in a style that constrained his worst enemies to admiration. Mrs. Floyd was a cipher, according to custom, but she did her best to receive her friends cordially and entertain them hospitably, and there were few who were so destitute of right feeling as to be wanting in appreciation of her motives.

At a quarter to nine, then, an unmannerly buzz went hissing, like a serpent, through the crowd, leaving in its track dismayed silence, glances of alarmed inquiry, nods and winks of malicious meaning. The knowing and observant ones began to notice the fluctuations of the host's florid complexion from purple to pallor, that his face was lowering and his eye gleamed ominously as he conferred apart with his wife, and that she, poor soul, looked amazed and disquieted, and could not prevent her regards from straying every instant to the door. At nine o'clock, without any pretence of apology or show of concealment, Colonel Floyd left the apartment, it was conjectured to institute official inquiry into the cause of the mysterious and most unagallant non appearance of the person who should have been one of the earliest upon the ground. No sooner was this plausible supposition reached by a majority of the assembly than there was a general and palpable effort to seem lively and unconcerned, a commendable and ostentatious display of ignorance that anything was wrong which deluded no one, failed to impose upon the most single minded creature there, and that was unquestionably the lady of the house.

Colonel Floyd crossed the hall and entered a small cloak-room, occupied, for the nonce, by four very stiff and uneasy gentlemen—the groomsmen—who awaited the signal to join their fair mates and take up the line of wedding march.

"This is a very strange affair, gentlemen!" said the colonel, gravely; "and it is my painful duty to inquire into it, without further delay. It may have been a mistaken delicacy which has kept me silent so long. Has any one of you seen or heard from Mr. Lay to-day?"

Every man looked at his fellow, and there was a unanimous shaking of heads.

"He called on me at noon, yesterday, and engaged to meet me at the clerk's office this morning at eleven o'clock," pursued the colonel, visibly moved by some powerful emotion. "This engagement he saw fit to neglect. I waited for him until past twelve, and since my presence there was not a legal necessity, obeyed the call of other duties and returned home. Since then—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of his relative, Harvey Floyd.

"Well, boys!" said the new arrival gayly, "how goes it with you by this time? Tired of waiting—hey?"

"They may well be!" returned the colonel, indignantly. "What have you to say, Harvey, respecting this very dilatory groom? The business begins to look very black to us. He is a particular friend of yours, I believe. Are you the bearer of his excuses?"

"Well—not that exactly, sir, but I can answer for him that he will be here pretty soon—sure as a gun!" thrusting his hands into his pockets and strolling to the window, where he commenced a careless whistle, that suddenly, and without apparent cause, exploded into a laugh.

All were startled, several shocked by the sound.

"Beg pardon, colonel! Excuse me, gentlemen, but the truth is you four look so like pall-bearers at a funeral, and my respected cousin there so like chief undertaker, sexton and parson combined, that I cannot keep my countenance. Haw! haw!"

He dug his hands down deeper into his pockets, and stamped about the room, rolling and choking with merriment.

"There are some subjects, young man, that are not to be jested upon!" rejoined the colonel, his brow blackening with suppressed wrath, while the veins in his temples stood out like cords.

"No offence intended, sir!" Harvey tried manfully to swallow his amusement. "Only, when a man goes to a wedding, it does seem ludicrous to see every one else behave as if it were a funeral. Actually, a stranger would feel disposed to look for crape upon the left arm of each of this lugubrious quartette, and to listen for your official pronunciation of 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes.'"

"When you can express yourself in a manner becoming your position as a member of the respectable family, so grossly insulted by the conduct of your associate, the expected bridegroom—*expected*, rather than expectant, it appears—I should like to talk with you upon this very unpleasant matter," said the colonel, with increasing choler.

He walked out with immense stiffness. The door opening upon the back porch—the same through which he had conducted Lily upon her return from her evening jaunt—stood ajar, and the aperture was filled by a dusky figure.

"I would like to speak to you, sir!" it said, in a guarded voice, as Colonel Floyd crossed the hall.

The master started as if the word were a bullet.

"What is it?" he asked, hastily.

Booker retired into the portico, whither the colonel followed him, shutting the door after them.

"The moon will be up before we get there," said the man, in the same cautious key. "It's time we were off."

"Had we not better wait until the moon *does* rise? It will be a dark, rough walk," suggested Colonel Floyd, staring upward at the starry heavens.

His manner was less that of the arbitrary owner, than the equal of the one he addressed. But for the absurdity of the idea, one might have imagined that there lurked in his accent a certain degree of respect of humility. The negro's reply was assuredly positive and familiar, such as few white men would have dared to employ in conversation with the lord of Belleview.

"So much the better! We don't want light until we get to the woods. If you are seen quitting the house when it's full of invited company, folks will wonder at it, and there's a chance of our being followed. Then, the ground's froze hard as a rock, and the path is a rough one, as you say, besides being a good mile and a half long. We will want every minute of our time. If I'd had my way, we would have been off an hour ago."

"That could not be, you know." Colonel Floyd manifested no anger at the imperative language of his inferior. "It was necessary that I should show myself first to those people in the parlors, and contrive some excuse for leaving them."

"That may be so, but we ought to be off now!" repeated Booker, doggedly. "There's nothing else to be gained, and much may be lost by waiting."

"Are you sure that you have everything ready?" whispered the master, peering over his shoulder at the lighted windows, blazing all along the rear of the building.

"All's right—so far as I am concerned!"

"Then I will go with you in three minutes!"

He went back into the house, and stopped in the hall to collect thoughts or courage for the next move. His face was curiously changed. A leaden hue had come over it, and he had to clench his teeth to hinder them from chattering—probably with cold or nervousness, for no living man had ever seen him show fear or presumed to accuse him of cowardice. He felt the alteration in his looks, for he stroked his features to compose them, while his hand shook from the same cause that had induced the discomposure he would conceal. First, he proceeded to the dining-room; unlocked the side-board and helped himself to a glass of strong brandy-and-water; waited a minute, to ascertain the potency of the draught, and swallowed a second. Then, he again sought the presence of the uneasy groomsmen.

There was a glare in his eye that looked like fierceness, and if his voice were slightly husky and not so steady as usual, it was attributed to the same, or kindred emotions, and these were regarded as altogether natural and commendable by the spectators—or, by four out of the five. Harvey may have had his own ideas upon the subject. He, of the number, seems least concerned by the announcement that should, in consideration of his relation to the bride, have effected him most.

"Gentlemen! you will oblige me by making yourselves at home in my house, and so far as lies in your power, allaying the apprehensions that may have been excited in the minds of others by Mr. Lay's extraordinary and utterly inexcusable behavior. For myself"—drawing himself up, and speaking hoarsely, yet dignifiedly—"I shall go in person to ask that young man—to call him to account for the dastardly slight put upon my niece. I think that I have a clue which, if rightly used, will enable me to ferret out the truth."

"Better stay where you are, colonel!" interposed Harvey, in some alarm. "Or, if it is necessary to make inquiries, let me go in your place. Don't be precipitate! Things may come right without your troubling yourself. Lay is an honorable fellow, and if he is above ground, I am willing to wager my head that he will furnish, in good season, a solution, and a satisfactory one, of this puzzle."

"Mr. Floyd! the colonel wheeled suddenly upon him. "This is my affair, and I warn you, once for all, that I will not be interfered with! The only true kindness you can at present do your cousin, Miss Gardner, is to undertake the painful office of breaking to her as gently as you can, the unexpected news of Mr. Lay's disappearance."

"Shall I find her up stairs, sir?"

Harvey was near rupturing a blood vessel in his frantic attempt to repress another uproarious fit of mirth.

"I presume that she has not yet left her room."

"Then I'll run right up!" said the willing bearer of the afflicting intelligence.

He went up the steps, three at a leap, as the colonel solemnly bowed around to the bewildered quartette, and left the house by the back door.

It was Sally's luck, this evening, to play the undesigning eaves-dropper. While Col. Floyd and Booker held their cautious colloquy upon the porch, she was within ear-shot of most that was said. She had been to the kitchen upon some trifling errand, and was on her way back to Helen's room, when she espied Booker peeping in at the hall door, either watching, or waiting for some one within. Sally instantly crouched, like a hare upon her form, and, inch by inch, crept under the portico steps, not with the intention of overhearing what might follow, but to keep out of the man's sight and to avoid the chance of meeting him. She hated and feared him, not without sufficient cause, as the reader will allow, and was panic-stricken by the thought that if she encountered him at this juncture of the plot confided to her keeping, he might drag the whole truth out of her. She believed him to be possessed of the craft, as he was of the depravity of the great adversary of mankind. She quaked in her shoes when the pair—master and man—in drawing away from the door and windows, walked directly above her head, and there arranged the preliminaries of their expedition. Some words were lost; others but partially comprehended; still, she made out the drift of their purpose, and while she was greatly mystified by certain expressions which occurred in the dialogue, she blessed the business, whatever it was, which took them out of the way at the moment when her mistress was expecting the real groom.

"Before you get back, the knot will be tied, fast and hard, and then let's see you break it!" she chuckled.

Not audibly, for Booker was standing upon the top step, awaiting his accomplice's return. The flight was not a tall one, nor was her position comfortable or desirable, bowed together as she was, and not daring to move a finger, hardly venturing to draw a breath, while she could hear the creak of Booker's boots as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, on the very plank against which her head rested. Her imprisonment was of brief duration in reality, tedious though it seemed to her. She did not quit her covert until the clang of the iron seats upon the flinty spring-path quite died away, but she had one glimpse of the patrolling party, as they passed through the broad stream of light pouring from the dining-room window. Colonel Floyd carried his gun, his inseparable companion in his nightly rambles, and Booker also bore something—she could not determine what—upon his shoulder.

"There you go!" soliloquised the girl, stretching her benumbed limbs. "Two as great vilyans as ever breathed! Hunting runaways, are you? You've tracked some poor fellow to his den, and mean to have him out, live or dead! 'Taint the first job you've joined hand in hand in—but you won't go unpunished in the end, or the Scripter is mistaken, which ain't likely. Bless the Lord, Lem's hundreds of miles away, anyhow! So you won't catch him! Now, to tell Miss Helen that the cats are away,—both of 'em!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW I FIRST MET HER.

"First love is the only true love," say some people; and "Love is love for evermore," adds a poet of the affections. On the other hand, there are many persons, not without some reputation for judgment in commercial circles, who assert that "first love is calf-love."

I do not pretend to decide this question. But, at all events, first-love must happen to every man before second love, and if it has not happened at all, it has yet to come. Under these circumstances, I cannot but think that the subject is of universal interest, and that any new experience of this absorbing passion will be received with rapture by the public.

Seventeen was just the age at which I first met Charlotte Elizabeth—*under water*. What think you of *that*, Mr. Editor? Are not such circumstances of first-love new? Permit me also to add, with my hand upon my heart, that they are moreover true.

* * * * *

"Any lady or gent for the diving-bell?" exclaimed a sonorous voice. "The machine is now about to descend."

My heart came into my mouth, and then retired about half-way down my throat, as I should judge. My extremities became cold as ice, as I gasped out, "Stop a minute; take me in, please do." The crowd that already surrounded the machine parted to left and right, to let me pass. There was not the least hurry, of course; but if I had not spoken at once, I should not have done so at all. I was the first volunteer for this tremendous enterprise, and an object of great public interest.

"I wouldn't do it myself for a 'underd pound," observed one gentleman, for the purpose of reassuring me, I conclude; and a friend of his replied: "No, nor yet for two; it's what I call fool'ardy."

I passed the little barrier; I gave the manager the requisite shilling for the submarine passage; and I crept under the great goggle-eyed bell amid quite a popular ovation. A narrow seat ran round the interior of the machine; the atmosphere seemed close, even as it was, and the light was dim, although we were as yet in the land of the living. I perceived, however, a shining substance immediately opposite to me, which turned out to be a boy covered with buttons—the page of the establishment, whose dreadful trade it was to descend, I don't know how many times a day, in company with subaqueous amateurs. He had a rope in his hand, that hung down from the top of the bell, and which I fondly imagined communicated with the scientific authorities, so that we could be hoisted up again at a moment's notice, by signal; but this confidence was entirely misplaced. A certain round spot with a number of little holes—like the top of a sink—was the sole ornament of the apartment in which we were; and through this was to come the air we breathed. To say that I would gladly have got out again, and sacrificed my shilling, is to give a very feeble idea of my state of repentance. I would have given forty shillings to be once more gazing—under the light of heaven—at the least remarkable object of interest in the institution. All the crimes I had ever committed during a checkered life seemed to crowd in upon my recollection. I made the most ardent resolutions for conducting myself for the future after a different fashion—if I should only be permitted to emerge alive out of that bell. It is true that there was yet time for me to do so, for the director was still touting for passengers, but I had not the moral courage for such a step as this. I could not have descended amid the same crowd which had applauded my intrepidity, to experience its scornful jeers. I perceived the same feelings were actuating two other individuals who now joined us; they, too, cast wistful glances at the mouth of the bell, and were evidently contemplating in their minds the most salient points in their past wicked lives.

"You had better put your legs up, gentlemen," observed the page; "there will then be less chance of falling out at the bottom, when we get under water."

"*Less* chance!" gasped I, as I hastened to obey this suggestion. "Do you mean to say there is *any* chance?"

"Well, you must sit quite still, of course, or there's no knowing what may happen. You will be safe enough, however, like this."

We had all got our feet in each other's laps, forming quite a reticulation of legs beneath us, so that, if we fell at all, it must needs have been all together, when the director suddenly exclaimed: "By your leave, gentlemen, there's a lady coming."

"A lady coming! Where on earth is she to come to?" inquired I. "There was not room for a pin's head to make its way among us, and far less a lady's."

"Is there no room?" inquired one of the sweetest voices I ever heard in my life.

"Plenty of room, miss. Legs down!" cried the conductor.

Then a bonnet appeared, with one of the most lovely faces in it you can imagine, and a look of tender appeal upon it—at finding the bell full of legs—which it was impossible to resist. I sidled nearer towards the page, in whom I had some sort of confidence, and made room for this charming creature on my left hand. It was before the days of crinoline, but she wore some expansive, gauzy garment, which, as she took her seat, flowed over all the others, and seemed to leave her alone with me and the page—who, except as a scientific assistant, I considered as nobody.

"Is there any danger?" asked she, in soft, low tones, and putting her hand upon mine in order to steady herself—for she had very little to sit upon. "I almost regret that I ventured to come."

"Oh, say not so," returned I. "Hold on to me. You may squeeze my hand as tight as you please; *that is the only way to keep yourself from falling*."

Even in that dim bottle-green light, I saw a lovely blush steal over her damask cheek; but she *did* take hold of my hand, and held it pretty tight, too.

"What an oppression I feel about my forehead," observed she; "my brain seems on fire."

"So does mine, my dear young lady," replied I; "and my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat."

"So does mine," said she. "I am told the phenomenon happens in all these submarine excursions."

"Why, we ain't off yet," observed the page contemptuously, who had been most unjustifiably listening to our conversation. I should perhaps have rebuked him, but at that moment the awful bell swung out from terra firma, and we beheld beneath us the cold and treacherous wave.

"What a terrible situation!" ejaculated my fair companion.

"Not altogether," returned I, with a pressure of the fingers.

"We are leaving all behind us—or at least above us," added she, for even in that awful moment her native correctness did not desert her. "Heaven preserve us, what was that?"

A cannon appeared to have gone off immediately outside of my ear, and then it went on firing a royal salute—and didn't stop then.

I trembled like an aspen-leaf, but not so much as the beautiful being who relied upon me for succor. We leaned up against one another for mutual support. With my left arm, I mechanically encircled her waist; with my right hand, I grasped half-a-dozen of the page's buttons. On one side of me was Poetry; on the other, Science.

"What are those dreadful guns?" inquired the young lady.

"Guns!" cried the page, laughing, a laugh peculiar (I hope) to water-kelpies. "That's only the tinpaniem of your ear a-busting, bless yer. It'll get wuss and wuss, and the top of your 'ed will be like to fly off, as it seems to you, before we gets to the bottom. A-comin' up, you'll like it better."

"Dear girl," whispered I, in tones of comfort, "you will find it some relief to lay your head upon my shoulder."

She did so, and I caught her broken tones inquiring what was that dreadful thing that kept beating against the bell, as though it wanted to get in among us.

"I hope and trust, my good boy," said she, addressing the page with sudden animation, "that it is not that electrical eel!"

I do believe, if I had not had fast hold of that boy by his buttons, that he would have fallen off his seat into the water, in a paroxysm of mirth, and left us without any protector.

"Lor' bless you, miss," replied he, when he got breath enough to do so, "that's the beating of the hair-pump, that is: if that was to stop for arf a minute, it would be all Hookey with us in this 'ere bell."

"Hookey!" ejaculated the terrified young creature. "What dreadful language he does use! You haven't got a waterproof coat on, have you, sir?"

I trembled as the dear girl made this extraordinary inquiry, for I thought that terror was depriving her of reason. Could she imagine that a Mackintosh would save us, ever so many fathoms under water as we now were!

"Alas, no," said I, thinking it best to humor her; "I left my waterproof coat up above, and also my umbrella."

"I asked," returned she, "because I seem to breathe nothing else but india rubber."

Perhaps it was this peculiar atmosphere which erased her words, as it were, as soon as she had uttered them, that compelled me to keep my cheek quite close to hers, to catch the precious tones.

"They pump the air through india-rubber tubes," I answered.

"How wise you are," said she admiringly; "how nice it must be to know every thing."

"Very nice," said I; "please to tell me, therefore, what name you bear in the upper world. I have read of sirens and mermaids—How dare you touch that lady's dress," cried I, with excessive indignation, as the scientific page made a sudden snatch at her petticoats.

"They was a-gettin' into the water, that's why," returned the youth with sulkiness. "Don't you go a-hollerin' at me. It's my duty to take care of all as comes down here, and I have my orders about their petticoats."

"My good boy," said I, "here is half-a-crown for you. I am sorry I spoke so loud, because water conducts sound with great facility, and they may have heard me up above. All that passes among ourselves here should be respected, as being of a private nature."

"Mum is the word," observed the page, and he winked with an air of supernatural and submarine cunning at the unconscious Charlotte Elizabeth—*for* it is needless to say that the enchanting young mermaiden was she.

Almost immediately afterwards, we began to ascend; every instant the guns fired with less distinctness, and we became more like our usual selves. But during the few minutes that we had been immersed, I had experienced a complete metamorphosis—I had "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange." I had descended fancy free, I arose a captive to the Diving Bells.

The rest of the courtship was of the ordinary description, and terminated in the usual way.

☞ A curious boy in Lochwinnoch parish, Scotland, asked his mother about the origin of man, &c., and was answered that "we are all made of clay." "Are the horses made of clay, too?" he asked. "Oh! yes," was the reply, "all of clay." "Then, mother, Duncan Donelson has but one leg; has the clay been unco dear, d'ye think, when he gang wi' a timber ane?"

☞ ALL EXPLAINED.—It turns out that Mother Goose's assertion that "the cat's in the fiddle," is not so very ridiculous after all; for what fiddle is there, but there's some *cat gut* in it.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight*.

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY.

THE END OF THIS DISPENSATION.

JONES.—Good morning Williams. What is to be our subject this morning?

WILLIAMS.—It concerns certain declarations of God's word, which we receive darkly and blindly, and only because we must. That is to say, when a man has satisfied himself that the Bible is the word of God, he will not allow himself to stumble at any of its "hard sayings." He will remember that he is like a fly crawling over the dome of St. Paul's, and that it would be mere folly if he were to expect to have every question made clear to him, in this life. Hence he receives some statements of Scripture simply because he finds them in God's word, and expects that a day will come when he shall understand them more clearly.

J.—What are the statements to which you are now alluding?

W.—I am thinking of certain fearful predictions which are met with towards the close of the Bible; such as, "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (2 Peter iii. 10) How have you been in the habit of reading such passages?

J.—Why, I must confess, very much in the way you just now described. I have read them in the Bible, and therefore I have submitted to them. I knew that "with God all things are possible," and that therefore it would be foolish to say, "How can these things be?" Yet I own that when I looked at the mighty ocean, or cast my eye over a vast tract of sandy or stony country, I have felt that it was difficult to conceive of such a conflagration.

W.—I know that such thoughts will intrude; and therefore the remark is useful, that here, too, geology comes in, and makes it far more easy to believe intelligently these declarations of Scripture, by showing us that, thousands of years ago, such scenes have actually occurred on the surface of this earth.

J.—Is this so?

W.—Surely. Have you already forgotten two or three passages from scientific writers, which I repeated to you in our first or second conversation? For instance, the words of Cuvier: "Life has often been disturbed on this earth by terrible events; calamities which have moved and overturned the entire crust of the globe." Or those of Lardner: "It pleased the Most High to doom the past world to sudden destruction, by the secondary agency of geological convulsions." To which I might add the testimony of Professor Phillips, who says that the world, in its former period of existence, felt some "epochs of extraordinary disturbance, in which the relations of sea and land were altered by internal convulsions."

J.—Yes, I remember that you quoted some of these passages; but do they not seem principally to relate to something like our earthquakes?

W.—Doubtless, these were convulsions caused by fire, and in which fire played a principal part. Thus, Sir R. Murchison speaks of "convulsions utterly unmeasurable and inexplicable;" which were caused by "vast outpourings of the subterranean fires." Again, he tells us of "outbursts of great volumes of igneous matter from the interior; the extraordinary violence of which is made manifest by clear evidences." And all writers on geology abound in passages on the earth's "cooling down," and in speculations as to the period when it became cool enough to be fit for the habitation of birds, and beasts, and fishes.

J.—What, then, is your view, on the whole?

W.—It is simply this: geology declares, with a very distinct and unbroken voice, that the crust of the earth presents abundant signs and tokens of a period or periods when fire ruled and raged upon it. Investigators find clear traces of "outbursts of great volumes of igneous matter from the interior, with extraordinary violence,"—"catastrophies utterly unmeasurable," with "repeated emissions of volcanic matter from within."[*] Hugh Miller thus attempts a description of the state of the earth, after one of these convulsions:

> "We may imagine a dark atmosphere of steam and vapor which, for age after age, conceals the face of the sun, and through which the light of moon or star never penetrates: oceans of water heated to the boiling point; low half-molten islands; roaring geysers, ever and anon throwing up their jets of boiling fluid, vapor, and thick steam; and in the dim outskirts of the scene, the red gleam of fire, shot forth from yawning cracks and deep chasms, bearing aloft fragments of molten rock and clouds of ashes."[†]

And Sir Charles Lyell, rapidly glancing at the various tokens of suppressed and concealed heat which he detects in many quarters, comes to the conclusion that, even now, "it is astonishing that a single day should pass over without a general conflagration."[‡]

Hence, then, surely Dr. Lardner's view is the just one, that inasmuch as "the earth is still subject to the same local oscillations as heretofore, and the heavings of the internal fluid have lost none of their terrific energy, when we affirm that a moment must arrive when what we call this present world will be destroyed, we declare no more than all the analogies of the past history confirm."

J.—But do you really think that there is any kindred or affinity between the fires and earthquakes of the geological periods and the fires predicted by St. Peter, St. John, and others of the prophets?

W.—Why should there not be? Both concern the same thing—the same globe of earth, air and water. The prophets tell us, again and again, of a destruction of this earth by fire. We receive their predictions with a large submission of mind, and suppose that in some way or other these things will come to pass, though we cannot tell how. Here geology comes in, and shows us that such things have been, and that there is therefore no great difficulty in believing that such things may again be. Geology tells us that in its earliest period the whole earth was fluid from intense heat, and that in it no kind of life was found. Next, we learn that as it slowly cooled, some of the lower kinds of life began to appear; and at long intervals, higher and yet higher; but that these various states, or steps, in the earth's progress were frequently marked and separated from each other by terrible convulsions—the bursting forth of internal fires, upheaving mountains, and sweeping away every living thing. Well, all this plainly harmonises with prophecy. The tremendous events which we are assured will end the present chapter of the world's history are akin to those which have ended former chapters. And thus geology makes it far more easy than formerly to understand, and therefore to believe the warnings of the prophets. Is not this tolerably clear?

J.—Yes, I begin to see that our view is considerably enlarged, and that, instead of believing vaguely some strange and awful predictions, we may look back, intelligently, on vast revolutions which have passed, and from thence may calculate the nature and probability of that great elemental convulsion which is yet to come. But here, I see, we must part; and I wish you a peaceful and a happy day.

---

[*] "Siluria," p. 322.

[†] "Lectures," p. 239.

[‡] "Princip.," vol. ii., p. 451.

NEWS ITEMS.

"GOOD THING TO HAVE IN WIGWAM."—The delegation of Chippewa Indians now in Washington, visited the Treasury Department on Saturday, and inspected the process of printing green-backs. One of the chiefs was much interested in the room where ladies are employed cutting the printed notes, and proposed that they should take home with them one of the women, with her table and shears. He said, "It is a good thing to have in wigwam."

AN East Tennessee hunter, the Nashville Union says, has collected about five hundred men in the mountains, who can pick a squirrel off the top of the tallest oak with their long rifles. They are ambuscading the rebel cavalry at all points, and wiping out whole squads of them with astonishing celerity.

THE southern papers are complaining of the presence, in various parts of the South, of roving bands of Union men and deserters from the rebel army, especially in Northern Alabama.

THERE is a rumor afloat that Gen. Grant has captured Yazoo city, with eight transports and 7,000 rebel prisoners.

REPORTS have reached Cairo, and are telegraphed thence, that the rebels have repossessed themselves of Forts Henry and Donelson. A force has been ordered there.

A REFUGEE from the South, arrived at Cincinnati, reports that two large rebel armies are massing in Tennessee, one to assail Rosecrans, while the other flanks him and marches upon Louisville and Cincinnati.

RICHMOND papers of the 12th, received at the headquarters of the army, do not contain any news of interest from Tennessee or Vicksburg. The attack on Charleston and Savannah is momentarily expected.

THE Australasian, from Liverpool on February 28th, is at New York. The Polish question still absorbs the attention of the European Cabinets, and almost excludes American affairs. The policy of Russia is much denounced in the British House of Commons. Mr. Seward's reply to the mediation proposal of France is said to have produced an unfavorable impression. The Times and Post condemn it, but the Star considers it an unanswerable argument. The rebel loan is reported to have been freely taken. The captains of the Relief ships had a banquet extended to them by the Mayor of Liverpool. Fighting had taken place in Poland with varying success. Gen. Klapka is reported to have joined the insurgents, and Gen. Dembinski was on his way there.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 10.—Judge Kinney this day issued a writ against Brigham Young, under the polygamy act of Congress. U. S. Marshal Gibbs served it without the aid of posse. The writ was responded to, and the defendant personally appeared in court. After a preliminary investigation, the Judge held him in $2,000 bail, which was promptly given.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Democratic candidate for Governor has a plurality over the Republican candidate of over four thousand, but probably lacks about 700 of a majority of the whole. The Republicans lose one of the three Congressmen, but carry the Legislature by a large majority, which will probably give them the Governor.

BISHOP QUINLAN, (Catholic,) of Mobile, was recently arrested by the rebel provost guard, at midnight, and taken to prison. He was liberated next day. The Catholic Telegraph has heard no reason assigned for this harsh measure.

SYMPATHY FROM GERMANY.—Consul General Murphy, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in sending intelligence of the shipment of contributions of sympathetic Germans of five thousand pounds of lint and three thousand pairs of soldiers' socks, declares that he could send to the army fighting in America for freedom thirty five thousand men in ten days, if he was authorized to do so. He represents the German States to be pervaded with enthusiasm for the Union cause.

HUME AND MAURY AT THE TUILERIES.—Hume, the "Medium," made another trial of his skill lately at the Tuileries, at which Professor Maury was present. None but the male portion of the Emperor's guests were present at the seance. His Majesty, who has been busily studying the question for some time past, had [illegible] down several questions to propound to the [illegible] magician. In no one case [illegible] the proof of power successful, and the result of the sitting was unsatisfactory enough to give, for the moment, [illegible] to Maury, who professed to have discovered the secret. The table rose [illegible] from one end of the room to the other—the ponderous Chinese [illegible] of solid bronze, slid, as it did [illegible], across the carpet, as though it [illegible] and yet the experiment [illegible] was conclusive [illegible] of the figure, [illegible] on the eyes alone.

As soon as the displacing of the Joss was proposed by the Emperor, Prof. Maury slid beneath it a page from his carnet, which must of necessity have moved had the weighty bronze but stirred one line. After the monster had been seen to slide across the carpet and regain its place, Prof. Maury drew the page from beneath it—unsullied, uncrushed, exactly as he had inserted it but a minute before. And yet he declares that he himself was among those who beheld, and with the most amazement, too, the steady progress of the bronze towards the fireplace, and even now cannot get over the perplexity he experienced on beholding it turn around on reaching the fender, and slide back to its place behind the door. Hume, they say, has no idea himself of the power by which he acts, and experiences quite as much perplexity as vexation at beholding the new obstacle thrown by the erudition of Prof. Maury in the road to success he was treading so gallantly a little while ago.

THE IRON-CLADS IN AN ENGAGEMENT.—The late engagements at Fort McAllister have fully tested the invulnerability of the iron-clad fleet. They made four attacks upon the fort, using it as a target, and to test the strength of the vessels. In one engagement the Montauk was struck fourteen times, but only received indentations in her armor, and had the plating on her deck furrowed. In a second engagement she was struck forty-eight times, and the Passaic was struck thirty-three times. The rebels mostly threw solid shot. In one instance they drove the bolts of the pilot-house through, but did no other damage. The balls were generally directed at the port-holes of the Monitors, and usually hit the space between the two guns. The balls would fall into pieces after striking, leaving the vessels uninjured. Some the shots fired were ten-inch ones. The concussion was scarcely felt in the turrets. The work which they attacked was a very strong one, but they succeeded in damaging it very considerably; but as it answered no purpose to capture it, a force was not landed for that purpose. The main object of preventing the rebel steamer Nashville from getting to sea, was accomplished by the destruction of that vessel. The explosion of a torpedo under the bow of one of the iron-clads, raised the bow a few inches out of the water, but did no injury to it. From the experience gained with the iron-clads in these attacks, the officers are satisfied that they may safely assault any fort, for practically the Monitors are invulnerable to shot. The confidence inspired by security, will enable the crews to work their guns with the more effect.

☞ If the cup be sinful, do not taste it; if it be lawful, carouse not over it.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is steady; some 8,000 bbls Flour have been disposed of mostly for export, at $6@6,37½ for common and good superfine; $6,25@7,25 for extras; $7,37½@8 for extra family, and $8,50@9 ℔ bbl for high grade Ohio do; including about 2,000 bbls, part common Western, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been moderate within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and $9,50@10 ℔ bbl for fancy western and city mills, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull and neglected, holders being free sellers at $5 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, Pennsylvania is quoted at $4, and Brandywine at $4,70 ℔ bbl, without sales.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat has been in better demand; sales reach some 50,000 bus part taken for milling, at $1,65@1,73 for good and choice Western and Penn'a reds, in store, and from $1,80 to $1,95 for white, as in quality, the latter for choice Kentucky; the bulk of the sales were of prime red at $1,70@1,72. Rye is lower, and Penn'a sells at $1. Corn is in fair request at rather higher rates, and about 40,000 bus new yellow sold at 87@88c, chiefly at 88c for dry, including damp at 85@86c, and white at 88@91c, the latter for a very handsome lot. Oats are better and all offered, some 45,000 bus, sold at 70@72c, weight, and 43@46c, measure. Barley is quiet at $1,45@1,50. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at $1,55.

PROVISIONS—There has been very little movement in the market since last week. About 1000 bbls, mostly old Mess Pork, sold for shipment at a price kept private. Holders ask $14@15 for old, and $16,50@17 ℔ bbl for new. Beef is steady at $12@15 ℔ bbl for western and city packed mess. Dressed hogs are worth $7@7,25 the 100 ℔s. Bacon is more inquired for, and Shoulders rather scarce. We quote at 9@11c for plain and fancy Hams, and 6¼@6¾c for Shoulders. Green Meats continue firm and moderately active at 7½@8c for Hams in salt, 8½@9c in pickle, 5¼@5¾c for Shoulders, and 7c for Sides in salt. Lard is lower and quoted at 11½@11¾c for prime western, in bbls and tierces, and 12½@12¾c in kegs, with sales of about 1000 pkgs. Country is worth 10@11c. Butter is scarce and high, roll selling at 23@27c, and packed at 18@20c. Cheese is steady at 14@15c ℔ ℔. Eggs are unsettled, and quoted at 18@19c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market for this staple opened rather firmer; the transactions reach about 300 bales, at 55@75c for interior and ordinary, and 80@90c for middlings, cash, the latter for good quality.

ASHES are firm, with light receipts and sales of both Pots and Pearls.

BARK has further advanced, with sales of about 100 hhds Quercitron, all offered at $38 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is in request at full prices.

BEESWAX continues firm at 47@48c for good Yellow, and but little offering.

COAL—The market continues unsettled and dull. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℔ ton, $5 @5,25; Prepared do $5@5,25; Red Ash do $5 @5,25; Lehigh Lump do $5,50; Prepared do $5,50@6; by retail do $6@6,50; Schuylkill Prepared do. $5,50@5,75.

COFFEE—The stock is very much reduced; 600 bags found buyers, in lots, at 31@33c for Rio, and 33@34c for Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER is firm but quiet at quotations. Of Yellow Metal prices are steady at 33c ℔ ℔ 6 mos for Sheets.

FEATHERS are inactive, with about the usual business doing in Western at 45@47c ℔ ℔.

FRUIT is more active, and green Apples rather scarce, prices ranging at $2@3,50 ℔ bbl. Dried Apples sell as wanted at 4@5c, and unpared Peaches at 6c for quarters and 10@11c for halves, and the latter in demand.

HAY is in steady demand, and good Timothy is quoted at 80@90c the 100 ℔s.

HEMP is quiet, the want of stock limiting operations, most of it being in the hands of the trade.

HOPS are firmly held, with fair sales of Eastern and Western at 27@30c ℔ ℔.

IRON—There is a good inquiry for Pig Metal and very little offering; sales are reported at $36@37, cash and [illegible] months, for No 1 Anthracite, which is scarce, $33 for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is held above the views of buyers. For Manufactured Iron the demand is very active.

LEAD is quiet and the stock light; we hear of no transactions.

LUMBER is [illegible]. The sales are confined to about [illegible] feet Yellow Sap Boards at $20 M.

MOLASSES is firm. Sales include about 1600 hhds at [illegible] for Cuba muscovado, and [illegible] for Porto Rico, on time; about 1600 bbls New Orleans also sold, mostly by auction, at 51@55c cash.

PLASTER is wanted.

RICE—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote East India at 7¾@8½c ℔ ℔ as in quality.

SEEDS—There is very little demand for Cloverseed, with sales at $6@6,50 ℔ bus; some 800 sacks sold from second hands at $6,75@7. Timothy is also lower, and selling at $2,25@2,75 ℔ bus. Flaxseed continues scarce, and the crushers are paying $3,75@4 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—The demand for foreign continues limited, and holders firm. N. E. Rum is also quiet at about 70c. Whiskey has been more active, with free sales of bbls at 50@51c, the latter in a small way, and Drudge at 46@48c.

SUGAR—The market is fully ½c better. Sales reach about 1800 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 10½@11c for refining, and 11¼@12c for grocery quality, including 130 hhds Porto Rico at 11¾@12c, and some New Orleans at 11¼@12½c, all on time. 500 bags Brazil also sold on terms kept private.

TALLOW is unsettled and lower, with sales of city at 12@12½c, mostly at the latter rate, and country at 11¼@11¾c ℔ ℔.

TOBACCO—The market is inactive, with small sales of leaf and manufactured at full rates.

WOOL—The market is firm. Prices range from 60 to 100c for medium and fine fleece, cash and time. About 20,000 ℔s Cordova sold at 60c, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1661 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 10½ cts ℔ ℔. 80 Cows brought from $15 to 30 ℔ head. 1800 Sheep were sold at from 7 to 8c ℔ ℔ gross. 880 Hogs at from $7,75 to 8,50 ℔ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. GEORGE J. DUNN, to Miss MARY E. LASKEY, both of this city.

On the 24th of Feb., 1863, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. RICHARD P. STERNE, to Miss ELLEN E. SOUMEILLIEN, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Geo. Leeds, JOHN MITCHELL, to Miss FANNIE WARE, of Lewes, Del.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, W. J. McCLAIN, to MARGARET BUTLER, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. ELTON B. WILKINS, of this city, to Miss ELVINA M. CRAMMER, of New Jersey.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM COOPER, to Miss MARTHA GRESTY, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. GOODWIN WORRELL, to Mrs. MARCHLARCEL C. SHAW, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, JACKSON B. JOHNSTON, son of the late Capt. Thos. Johnston, U. S. A.

On the 10th instant, WARDER MORRIS, in his 74th year.

On the 10th instant, DANIEL OLDENBERGH, in his 85th year.

On the 10th instant, SARAH KENNEDY, wife of Jas. Kennedy, Sr. in her 70th year.

On the 9th instant, Capt. WILLIAM PITT, in his 63d year.

On the 9th instant, MARY DERBY, wife of the late Christian Derby, in her 58th year.

On the 9th instant, MARY, widow of the late Geo. Batties, aged 73 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ROSELLA MARTIN, wife of Wm. Martin, in her 31st year.

On the 7th instant, SUSANNA PIERCE, formerly of Burlington, N. J. in her 76th year.

On the 5th instant, at Fallsington, Bucks co., Dr. ALLEN LIPPINCOTT, son of Henry Lippincott, M. D., aged 23 years.

Few outside of a limited circle of relatives will know the noble manly promise that has gone down to the grave with this young man. Behind the scholarly reserve of his ordinary demeanor there dwelt a singularly gentle, pure and earnest nature that needed but a little more practical experience of the world to make itself felt and honored in both his professional and social walk. An all-wise decree has broken the earthly promise of this young soul, but only that it may be more fully kept amid the larger opportunities of a higher life. Let those who mourn find in this a consolation, and on the unsullied memory of his life, let them build a beautiful hope reaching beyond his death. L.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, March 14, 1863.

Alabama,	60 dis.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Canada,	[illegible] prem.	Nebraska,	—
Connecticut,	½ dis.	New Brunswick,	10 dis.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	½ dis.	New Jersey, par to	½ dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	½ dis.
Georgia,	60 dis.	New York State,	½ dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	60 dis.
Indiana,	½ to ½ dis.	Nova Scotia,	16 dis.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	½ dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania, par to	½ dis.
Kentucky,	½ dis.	Rhode Island,	½ dis.
Louisiana,	20 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	½ dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 2 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	½ dis.	Vermont,	½ dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	20 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	4 dis.
Mississippi,	—		

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By inclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author.
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.
ap26 tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 20 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

KNOX'S
FRUIT FARM AND NURSERIES,
PITTSBURG, PA.

For many years I have made the cultivation of
SMALL FRUITS
a specialty, and taking into account variety, quantities, and quality, my stock of VINES and PLANTS, of

Grapes,	Blackberries,
Strawberries,	Gooseberries,
Raspberries,	Currants, &c., &c.,

is unequalled anywhere, which I offer on the most favorable terms.

Parties wishing to purchase would do well to correspond with me, or send for my PRICE LIST, which will be sent to all applicants, free of charge.
J. KNOX,
1t Box 155 Pittsburg, Pa.

WITHERS & PETERSON,
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
ap26-1y

SEWING MACHINES.

THE BEST IN USE.	☜
☞	THE GROVER AND BAKER
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES	☜
☞	HAVE TAKEN FIRST PREMIUMS
AT EVERY STATE FAIR.	☜
☞	OF 1862. WHEN EXHIBITED
OVER ALL OTHER MACHINES.	☜

OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS,
730 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
mh7-3t

IVY INSTITUTE,
PUGHTOWN, CHESTER CO., PA.

The next session will commence on the 6th of April, 1863. Terms for boarding and tuition for fourteen weeks $40.
For circulars address E. M. HAWLEY.
feb14-6t

PITCHER'S NEW BOOK STORE,
Few doors above Eighth Street. Below the Continental Hotel.
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.
The best assortment to be found in the city, and prices ranging from 40 cents to $25.
CARD PORTRAITS
Of distinguished persons, from the best artists, at reduced prices
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
All the Popular and Standard Works, New Publications, Magazines, &c., always on hand, and at very low prices.
808 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA.
feb28-4t

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles at 50 cents, cures lameness, cuts, galls, colic, &c. Read the following:

BOSTON, July 7th, 1860.

DR. TOBIAS:—We have used for the past year your Horse Liniment for lameness, kicks, bruises, colic and cuts, and in every instance found it the best article I ever tried in this circus company. Please send six dozen, as it is the only liniment we use now. We have 108 horses, some very valuable, and do not want to leave town without it. HYATT FROST,
Manager Van Amburg & Co's Menagerie.

Sold by all druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. mh21-2teow

$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents in every county, at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new, cheap, Family Sewing Machines. S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.
jan3-3m

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1862.

The [illegible] of litigation [illegible], consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which sustain the validity of all patents [illegible], enables us to [illegible] in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with	
Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	[illegible]
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	[illegible]
Plain Table,	[illegible]
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut, or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—see *Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.
DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

Palmer
PATENT LEG & ARM.
1609 AND 33 CHESTNUT St.
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c.,
has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE.
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgeon-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs are worn* (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS
FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

Photographic Pictures are now taken so neatly, and are so cheap, as to leave no excuse for a neglect to gratify a relation or friend by leaving one's portrait in their hands. But photographs, singly or alone, will soon tarnish, warp, and lose their natural beauty. Hence the necessity of a Photograph album, which is the crowning feature of the whole. It constitutes a "Family Record," for the display and proper preservation of the Card Photographs of the Family, or of friends and others, which for beauty of design and completeness of execution, has never yet been equalled. They are adapted to the pocket of the traveller, or the parlor and centre table of every home, and are so useful as well as so pretty, that wherever one is introduced, more are sure to follow. They are, indeed, becoming a household necessity, as the Album in which a family group are all gathered together in this way, soon assumes inestimable value.

For a regular list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to
DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

$60 A MONTH!—We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new, useful and curious articles. 15 circulars *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.
jan3-3m

READER!—If you want employment, or want the best (Two-threaded) SEWING MACHINE ever manufactured, send to ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., Newburyport, Mass., for a descriptive circular of terms, &c. They pay a liberal salary, or allow commission, as the Agent may choose.
feb7 6t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

Wit and Humor.

TERRIBLE ACT OF A GAMBLER.

In a circle, better designated by the French as of the demi-monde class, the game of lansquenet was being played in one part of the room, and other games in other parts. In a corner, a couple were playing écarté; the players were excited, heavy stakes were lost by the one, and rapidly seized upon by the other. At length the sum of 27,000 francs was gone! The winner was constantly turning up the king of diamonds. His unhappy adversary rose, seized the cards, and, in a desperate, despairing manner, rushed hurriedly into an adjoining room. During the moment of his doing so, the handle of a pistol was seen by a gentleman, as he rushed past, in his coat pocket. An exclamation of horror ensued. All rushed to the door to try and force it open, for it was locked on the inside, but before doing so the report of a pistol was heard; then, for a moment, all drew back in silent fear. The women, pale and trembling, shrank back to the farthest corner of the room. The door was broken open, and then they beheld the king of diamonds, that shameful card, with his brains blown out by the unsuccessful gambler!

Two Brothers.—Two members of the Society of Friends, a country and a city Friend, had dealings. Some months since the country merchant called on the wholesale house to settle an account. In adjusting the details, there was some difference in the views of the parties, and, as often happens, the country dealer was dissatisfied with some of the charges of the city house. At last, however, everything was settled, the money paid, and a receipt in full taken, when the country merchant addressed his city friend as follows:

"Friend Samuel, we have had dealings together more than thirty years, and I have always paid every dollar I owed when it was due, and have never asked any delay or favor, and we have now settled once more. If thee pleases I wish to say a few words before I go home."

"Certainly, friend Robert; I shall be happy to hear thee."

"Well, friend Samuel, I have known thee like a book for thirty years, and I must say that, though I have known a good many hard customers, thee is the meanest specimen of a white man I ever had anything to do with."

Friend Samuel listened with as composed a countenance as if the speech had been complimentary in the highest degree, and replied—

"Friend Robert, did thee ever know my brother Amos?"

Neither said another word; the rejoinder was irresistible.—*Harper's Monthly.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.—The physical appearance of a man sometimes changes the current of events. A case occurred a few days ago in Front street. The children of two neighbors had their daily quarrels and fights, which resulted occasionally in bruised faces and torn garments. The father of one family believing his children to have been sadly maltreated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the differences between their households permanently would be to chastise the head of the other family, although, as yet, he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a raw-hide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement, inquired in a threatening tone for "the man of the house." "I am here, sir," said a personage of upwards of six feet, and weighing some 230 pounds, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor. "Did I understand you, that you were the gentleman of the house?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see *if this is your raw hide.*"

Weighing Butter.—A peddler in the Highlands, having run short of butter, applied to a farmer's wife for a supply.

"How muckle div ye want?" said she.

"A pun' will do," said the peddler.

"I canna mak' ye a pun'" replied the woman, "I hae nae a pun' weight."

"Weel, what weight hae ye?" said he.

"Twa pun'," said the woman.

"And what is the weight?"

"Oh, it's just the tangs."

"Weel," said he, "put one leg in the scale, and the tither oot, and that will be a pun' then."

The woman did as requested, but when it was weighed, she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said:

"It looks a muckle pun.'"

"Oh, it's all right, woman," said the peddler, "how much is it?"

"A saxpence," was the reply, which the peddler paid, and departed rather hastily.

Amens.—Personally, we are fond of hearty amens in prayer and sermons. They have an earnestness and inspiration in no ways "faulty." Yet they are sometimes strangely put in. The other evening, at the missionary ratification meeting at New York, Bishop James was speaking, and incidentally said that he hoped to come to the point of his speech. "Amen!" cried a good brother, causing a burst of laughter, in which the bishop joined.—*Exchange.*

☞ When sculptors go into partnership, what should be their motto? *In Statu Quo.*

A Triumph over History.—An ignorant itinerant priest, dentist and phrenological and animal magnetism lecturer, who has tried the entire range of humbug, finally presents himself before a committee of school examiners in an obscure town of the far West. The questioners, who are in intelligence about on a par with the questioned, proceeded to test his knowledge of general history. "In what era, Mr. Flipkins, did Napoleon Bonaparte flourish?" "How's that?" asked Mr. F. in reply; "won't you just repeat that question?" "Certainly, sir. In what age did Bonaparte, the warrior, reign?" "Umph!" rejoins the proposed schoolmaster, with an insinuating smile, "you've got me there, gentlemen." "Never mind, doctor, about particulars," said one of the committee to a fellow member. "Let me ask him the same question in a little different form. You heard the fust question, Mr. Flipkins; now was it before or arter Christ?" "Kin I have the question agin?" asked Mr. F.; "I'm 'fraid I didn't take it 'xactly as 'twas put." The querist repeated the question. The ex-dentist, lecturer and phrenologist, scratched his head, looked imploringly first at one examiner and then at the other, and made answer: "Well—re-ally, gentlemen, you've got me agin! I couldn't say, re-ally!"

Anecdotes of Dr. Lyman Beecher.

The eccentric blacksmith of New Haven—the grandfather of what now are known as the Beechers—had no less than five wives, of whom the fourth was the mother of Lyman, who died a few days after his birth. The babe, prematurely born, and weighing only three and a half pounds, was shown to his mother, who, reflecting, as the Doctor afterwards said, that such a creature could be of no use to his father, gave him away to his mother's sister, Mrs. Lot Benton, of North Guilford. He was such a Tom Thumb, for size, that he was often set, for exhibition, into a silver tankard—an indignity for which he afterward took a brave revenge on all wine-cups!

"Pity," said the neighbors, who looked without hope at the puny face for two or three years, "pity that the little sickly thing did not follow its mother into the grave!"

But God's finger touched the weakling, till he waxed strong for a long life and a great work.

As a boy, he was trained to farm-work, expecting to be a farmer.

"My uncle," said the Doctor, and he often repeated the remark, "despaired, after long trial, of my coming to anything as a farmer, and finally concluded that I was good for nothing but to be *eddicated*. So, one day when I was in the apple-orchard, at work, my uncle said—

"'Lyman, would you like to go to college?'

"I made no answer, and neither of us spoke another word on the subject that day. The next day, when we both were at work in the orchard, I broke the silence by answering—

"'Yes, uncle, I would like to go to college.'

"Not a word further on the subject was said by either of us, but I went to college!"

This uncle, Lot Benton, was the original of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tim," in the "Mayflower."

During his college career, he earned no distinction by scholarly acquirements, but was early noticed as a remarkably vigorous and original thinker and reasoner.

During his college life, one night while sleeping near a window that had lost a pane of glass, he was wakened by a noise, and, turning his eyes toward the window, saw a thief standing outside, reaching his hand through the hole, and drawing out the sleeper's coat and trowsers, which had been thrown across a chair near the sash. Instantly leaping out of bed and out of the window, the half-naked student put after the scamp, caught him after a hard run, dragged him back, step by step, to the house, forced him into the bedroom, where he shut him fast all night, and next morning took him before a magistrate. The culprit then made the customary plea of being the wrong man, and that some other had stolen the clothes. The magistrate, willing to favor vagabonds, asked his accuser:

"Did you, for a single moment, lose sight of this man while pursuing him."

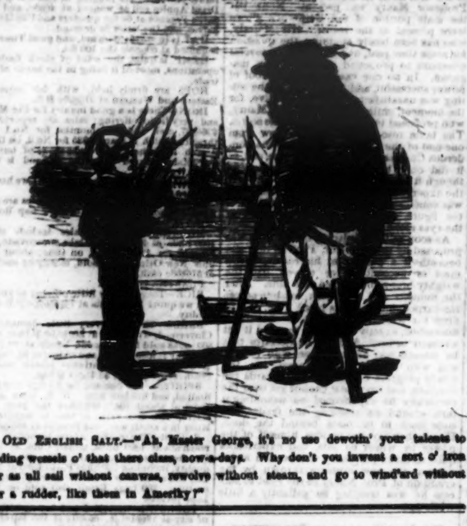
"Yes, but only for a single moment, while he turned the corner," was his reply.

"Then you cannot establish his identity," said the Judge, "and I must let him go."

This acquittal always made the Doctor indignant whenever afterward he related the incident—as violating his sense of justice.

How Women Criticise Each Other.

Women criticise you not unjustly perhaps, but relentlessly. They judge you in details, men only in the whole. If your dress is neat, well-fitting and well-toned, men will not notice it, except a few man milliners, and a few others who ought to be, and to whose opinion we pay no regard. If you will only sit still, hold up your head, and speak when you are spoken to, you can be very comfortable. I do not mean that men cannot and do not appreciate female brilliancy, but if you are a good listener, and in the right receptive mood, you can spend an hour pleasantly without it. But a woman finds out in the first three minutes that the fringe on your dress is not a match. In four, she has discovered that the silk of your sleeves is frayed at the edge. In five, that the binding of the heel of your boot is worn out. By the sixth, she has satisfactorily ascertained what she suspected the first moment she "set eyes on you," that you trimmed your bonnet yourself. The seventh assures her that your collar is only "imitation;" and when you part at the end of ten minutes, she has calculated with tolerable accuracy the cost of your dress, has leveled her mental eye-glass at all your innocent little subterfuges, and knows to a dead certainty your past history, present circumstances, and your future prospect. Well, what harm if she does? None in particular. It is only being stretched on the rack a little while. You have no reason to be ashamed, and you are not ashamed. Your boots are only beginning to be shabby, and we all know the transitory nature of galloon. Your fringe is too dark, but you ransacked the city and did your best, "angels could do no more." You trimmed your bonnet yourself and saved two dollars, which was just what you intended to do. "The means were worthy, and the end was won." Your lace is not real, by the cant of the shopkeepers; but it is real—real cotton, real linen, real silk, or whatever it may be, and you never pretended it was Honiton or point; and if lace is soft and fine and sets off the throat and wrists prettily, I do not see why it may not be just as well made in America for two cents a yard, as in Paris for two dollars or two hundred. In fact, this whole matter of lace is something entirely beyond my comprehension. Why, I have seen women who in the ordinary affairs of life were neat to a fault, fall down and worship a bit of dingy old yellow lace that looked fit for nothing but the washtub, and when remonstrated with excuse themselves by saying, "Why it is fifty or five hundred years old," which may be a very lucid explanation, but I cannot say I fully understand and appreciate it.



Old English Salt.—"Ah, Master George, it's no use dewotin' your talents to building wessels o' that there class, now-a-days. Why don't you inwent a sort o' iron biler as all sail without canwas, rewolve without steam, and go to wind'ard without ne'er a rudder, like them in Amerliky?"

☞ A paper in New York says that a strong-fisted servant girl in that city, was recently assaulted by a couple of scoundrels, named John and Elam Mile, and that she flogged them both. We have heard that a miss is as good as a mile, but here was a case in which a Miss was as good as two miles, and a little better.

☞ When we get old, our friends find it very difficult to please us, and are little concerned whether we are pleased or not.

Agricultural.

FARM CARTS AND WAGONS.

The farmer who works all day with a heavy and bungling implement, is more wearied at the day's close, than another farmer who has used a light and easy working tool, although the former has accomplished no more than the latter. The inference is, that a horse or other farm team, hauling a heavy wagon or cart, in performing a day's work, expends an extra amount of force, and is in the same ratio exhausted and unfit for labor; while another team attached to a wagon one-third lighter does as much work, and with less wear and tear to the power of the team, than the former.

While looking at some farm carts and wagons, we have thought the farmer himself had never estimated the extra force required by a farm team in order to draw a given load in a cart or wagon one-third heavier than is actually necessary, nor of the loss sustained during the year, both in the amount of work which might have been done, and the greater ease to the team in doing it, had a lighter but equally as durable a cart been used. Will some of our friends who have weighed the matter inform us of the difference?

As a general thing we think the ox-carts and horse wagons in use upon our farms are at least one-third heavier than is necessary. The method of making the side pieces, and sills of a cart body six by seven inches square, and other parts in proportion, probably originated with the same notion that built the frame of a cottage house out of timbers a foot or eight inches in diameter; but while the latter practice has been entirely superseded by a correct knowledge of the strength of materials and the principles of building, the former is still in vogue. Cart wheels are usually heavier than are required—although there is much propriety in having a light set for a small team and *vice versa*—and to have a cart-tongue so bungling and heavy that a man can hardly lift it into the yoke ring, is altogether unnecessary.

Wagons and carts for horses, where horses are used for doing farm worm, are most appropriately called "horse-killers," especially the latter. A horse cart, proper, where there is no whippletree, must cause a serious strain upon the muscle and constitution of the horse that draws it. But while *heavy* carts may rightly be condemned, *light* ones are a different thing. An improvement upon the horse cart is a cart attached by a short tongue to a pair of fore wheels of a wagon, to which the horse is harnessed.

It is a question whether more work cannot be accomplished in a given time with a light cart, with a horse team, and with greater ease to both the team and the driver, than with a heavier cart, and by hauling heavier loads. We incline to the former opinion.—*Maine Farmer.*

WASH FOR BARNS.

There is no cheap substitute for oil paint. All the different kinds of white-washing are incapable of shutting out moisture. The sides of buildings especially exposed to rains, will lose a portion of any kind of wash by the combined action of frost and moisture. Oil paint obviates this difficulty.

There are many different kinds of wash recommended; but with a single exception we have never found anything better than a mixture of good lime with water. This exception we have made a thorough trial with. A rough barn, which received a coating four years ago, now retains most of it, although a considerable portion is scaled off on the most exposed side. This wash is made substantially as follows: One peck of fine beach sand, three pecks of water lime, and four quarts of salt. These proportions might vary without detriment—there should be as much sand as can be conveniently applied with a brush. A farm laborer applied this mixture early last summer to two rough barns, one about 30 by 55 feet, the other 20 by 30, in three and a half days, consuming two bushels of water lime which was nearly the whole cost of material. This coating, now nearly one year's standing, appears to be as good as the day it was put on. It will be perceived that the expense is only about one-tenth the cost of a coat of paint.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Best Apples.—At a late meeting of the Worcester Horticultural Society, the subject discussed was the best kind of apples for general cultivation, and after much and valuable discussion, the members agreed upon the following twelve kinds:—Mother, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin, Roxbury Russet, Tolman's Sweeting, Red Astrachan, Duchess of Oldenburg, Williams Early, Early Bough, Porter and Gravenstein.

How to Take Care of Harness.

In answer to the inquiry respecting the kind of oil for harness, I give you the results of my observation for more than thirty years, holding myself responsible for the conclusion I have drawn therefrom.

It is amusing to read the receipts for preparation, said to be "excellent for leather." Many appliances are resorted to, in order to give a gloss to leather; that which is composed of [illegible] forms a crust on the surface, which tends to crack the grain, and is therefore injurious. Few take any care of harness; many take improper care.

Whenever leather is wet, it loses a portion of its oil, and if suffered to remain wet long, it will lose all of this substance; and if this is not restored, the leather becomes dry and brittle. The grain will shrink and crack, when the life is gone.

Leather should be kept clean, for dirt of any kind will absorb the oil. The more leather is used and exposed to wet, perspiration of the horse, or other cause, the more frequently it should be oiled; it needs oiling oftener in summer than in winter; if not used at all, it should be occasionally oiled, to keep it supplied with what is lost by evaporation. The patent leather parts of a harness, such as winkers, saddle, &c., should be rubbed over with some clean, soft oil, and immediately wiped off with a soft, woolen rag or chamois leather; this is all the care those parts need. When not used, harness should be hung up in a dark closet, as cool as possible, but not damp; it will stand the cold of winter better than the heat of summer.

To clean and oil a harness, hang it where all parts can be reached easily; (it would be better to unbuckle every strap;) wash clean by a sponge or woolen rag, with blood warm water and castile soap, using as little water as will do the work; when two-thirds dry, apply the oil with a woolen rag, pulling each strap through your hand; be careful that where the buckle holes are, a little more is applied; also the belly-bands, breechings, and the straps that buckle in the bits need an extra allowance; let it remain in a warm place for a few hours, (not in the hot sun, or before a hot fire,) until the oil has well entered the leather; then rub off all that remains on the surface briskly with a dry, woolen rag, and your work is finished. Be careful that you do not apply too much oil, and be equally careful that you apply it often enough.

The best oil for harness, is one quart neats foot oil, four ounces bee's tallow, and three tablespoonfuls lampblack; add four ounces beeswax, for use in summer weather.—Geo. F. Marshall, in *Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

Curing Hams Without Sugar.—"E. S. H.," of Niagara county, says, in the Rural New Yorker, that he cures hams with simple salt and water (brine) equal to any treated with sugar or molasses and salt. He is careful to place them in the cask shank downward, and while smoking has them on racks, with the rind down, instead of hanging up in the usual way, "thus both the pickle and the smoke retaining the juices of the meat." Another correspondent, "P. P. B.," of Batavia, thinks his recipe not only the cheapest, but very best in the world: "For every 16 pounds of ham take one pint of pure salt and one ounce of saltpetre. Pack in a clean oak cask, sprinkling the salt between the layers of meat. Dissolve the saltpetre and pour it over the whole, adding sufficient pure water to cover (soft water is the best). Let them lie *under* the brine six weeks, then smoke."

Apple Jelly.—Slice whole apples, (cores, parings and all,) cook them with just water enough to cover them till reduced to a soft pulp. Take the rind and juice of four lemons; strain this pulp, (not squeezing much or going over it twice,) add the lemons, measure pint for pound white sugar; let it boil a half hour, and turn into forms.

Rogrod.—A Summer Dish in Norway.—Three pounds of currant juice, three pints of water with sugar, *ad lib.*, and a flavoring of almonds or cinnamon (one, or one and a half ounces). Boil the mixture, stirring in when it begins to boil, fourteen pounds ground rice, or one pound sago. Boil it one-quarter of an hour, stirring often. Pour into moulds first dipped into cold water. When cool, turn out and serve with cream and sugar.—*Norse Folk, by C. L. Brace.*

Soda Crackers.—Four teacups of flour; 3 do. of water; 1 do. of butter, rubbed into the dry flour; 4 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; 2 of soda. Salt to the taste. Roll very thin.

Eve's Pudding.—Grate three-fourths of a pound of stale bread, and mix it with three-fourths of a pound of fine suet, the same quantity of chopped apples and dried currants, five eggs, and the rind of a lemon; put into a mould, and boil it three hours; serve it with sweet sauce.

Cranberry Roll.—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning; make it very sweet, strain it through a collander, and set it away to cool; when quite cold, make a paste as for apple pudding; spread the cranberries about an inch thick; roll it up in a floured cloth, and tie it close to the ends; boil it two hours, and serve it with sweet sauce. Stewed apples, or any other kind of fruit, may be made in the same way.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 6, 5, is an assemblage of vocalists.

My 7, 4, 9, 10, is the external appearance of material substance.

My 8, is the beginning of life and the end of toil.

My whole is the sufferer's friend.

Peru, Indiana. [illegible]

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in large, but not in small.
My 2nd " brick, " wall.
My 3rd " go, " went.
My 4th " house, " tent.
My 5th " right, " wrong.
My 6th " rhyme, " song.
My 7th " out, " in.
My 8th " ram, " gin.
My 9th " slice, " whole.
My 10th " mind " soul.
My 11th " second, " two.
My 12th " seat, " pew.
My 13th " less, " more.
My 14th " carpet, " floor.
My 15th " box, " wood.
My 16th " eat, " food.
My 17th " lake, " river.
My 18th " top, " cover.
My 19th " see, " saw.
My 20th " justice, " law.
My 21st " hush, " cry.
My 22nd " lay, " lie.
My 23rd " new, " old.
My 24th " warm, " cold.
My 25th " tumble, " fall.
My 26th " bitter, " gall.
My 27th " low, " high.
My 28th " heaven, " sky.
My 29th " buy, " sell.
My 30th " hurt " well.
My 31st " first, " one.
My 32nd " star, " moon.
My 33rd " ceiling, " floor.
My 34th " hinge, " door.
My 35th " ice, " snow.
My 36th " string, " bow.
My 37th " lamp, " oil.
My 38th " care, " toil.
My 39th " reap, " sow.
My 40th " part, " row.
My 41st " tear, " eye.
My 42nd " noise, " cry.
My 43rd " air, " wind.
My 44th " cheese, " rind.
My 45th " hay, " straw.
My 46th " spot, " flaw.
My 47th " fool, " wise.
My 48th " ear, " eyes.
My 49th " hand, " arm.
My 50th " yard, " farm.
My 51st " pace, " slow.
My 52nd " come, " go.
My 53rd " porch, " hall.
My 54th " part, " all.
My 55th " sleet, " snew.
My 56th " bread, " dough.

My whole are the words of Solomon, and very applicable at the present time.

MAUD GRAHAM.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a child that gets stout as he gets taller, like a newspaper reporter? Ans.—Because he picks up in-formation.

☞ When may a man be said to be "dressed in borrowed plumes?" Ans.—When he's tarred and feathered.

☞ Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Ans.—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA—"Bragg" is a good dog; but "Hold fast" is a better!" BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The Breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth"—Job, xli. chapter, xxi. verse. TRIPLE REBUS—Sword, Lance, Arrow, (Syiva, War, Owner, Recco, Dew.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Watts P. Corey published Feb. 14th. There will remain uncovered 224,557,396 sq. ft. R. BARTO.

Lebanon county, Pa.

Answer to PROBLEM by Watts P. Corey published Feb. 14th, 1863. Plane surface remaining uncovered 7012.0863 feet; round surface 14037.6367 feet; whole surface remaining uncovered on the hemisphere 21079.728 feet.

THOMAS W. PURCELL.

Alma, Marion county, Ill.

Answer to PROBLEM by Watts P. Corey, published Feb. 14th. 73.6975 square feet.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to Reader's PROBLEM published Feb. 14th. 455.583 in.—R. Barto. 455 5-10 in.—Homer, Odessa, Del. 453.257 in.—Lewis B. Holtz, Tiffin, O. 455.309 in. circumference, 145 in. diameter—Artemas Martin, Pa.

Mr. Artemas Martin appears to prove unquestionably that his answer to the SPHERICAL POLYGON QUESTION published Dec. 27, was correct. Mr. McNevin's therefore is erroneous. He sends us the rule for solving the Problem, also the solution, but we have not space to publish it.—*Ed. Riddler.*

To Correspondents.—With regard to publishing answers to Problems, we would say, we withhold all answers at least four weeks after the Problem is published, in order to give all our mathematicians an opportunity of forwarding their respective answers. After which time, if the Question has been correctly solved, we do not deem it necessary to republish or credit persons with the answer, as anyone could send the same after it has been in print.

If your names do not appear, therefore, you will understand your communications have not been received in time.—*Ed. Riddler.*